

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE

The best brains of this and every other country are engaged, generation after generation, in confusing the laws and complicating legal procedure. In these times, when the average of education is so high, the laws have to be very complicated or all the people would understand them and a great, powerful, and profitable profession would be no more. Moses had his laws on tables of stone. Now the slabs of stone have been broken into a million fragments, and there is not one steadfast, granite law to which you can turn with absolute confidence. The slabs of stone have been broken into innumerable odd-shaped fragments, of which laymen can make nothing, but which a skilled lawyer, for a high fee, can piece together with whatever result he is retained to accomplish. He can pick out a fragment here and a fragment there, and delve away down underneath for another that nobody else seems to know about, and gradually patch up a case in law that the bench views with the greatest professional admiration—and your case is won. That is to say, it is won for the time being! Then your opponent gets an expert to rummage among the million odd-shaped fragments and he pieces together a case in law more admirable from the professional viewpoint than that your expert had rooted out—so you lose. But it is not over. There are all shapes and sizes of pieces left, the combinations are inexhaustible. You and your enemy can fight it out for life if you can stand the expense; the law is exhaustless, the courts almost countless, always increasing, and each devoting itself more and more to some neat specialty. When an action appears to have about run its course, some lawyer representing some third party, can arise and score a new point altogether, which will have to be referred to another court. Away they all go at a dollar per minute to investigate this new phase of the question.

Quite recently one of our local judges in hearing a case arising out of an estate, flatly declared that he would not permit three separate suits to proceed at the same time, involving the same property and the same dispute as to facts. He ordered that the suits must be bunched into one and the costs not multiplied unnecessarily. Some day a patriot lawyer will write a book in which he will give cases, names, facts, and figures, showing how properties have been eaten up in the local courts by what may be described as wanton litigation, or, legal proceedings inspired only by the fees that would attach thereto. Judges should be instructed by Parliament to use what authority they possess, and they should be given greater authority, to stifle vexatious and unnecessary litigation. When a case reaches a court the history of it should come with it and a statement of all costs so far incurred, so that the judge or judges could examine the justice the litigants are getting in their quest for justice, could protect them on their way, could condemn unnecessary and expensive procedure, and arbitrarily rescue a property or a misled person from being ruined in a spendthrift law-fight. Our judges, as a rule, wash their hands of responsibility for the spread of a law-fight from court to court, although they know, very often, that the rival lawyers have embarked on a contest of wits, ingenuity, resourcefulness, for which their clients will pay a pretty penny in the end. The interests of the people rest with the bench. The judge is not only a referee to decide which lawyer has been most expert; he is also, and chiefly, the custodian of justice, and the lawyers who attend before him are attendants. If the servants of the temple deal extortionately with and practise on the superstitions of those who come to worship, the whole system will suffer in the end. The world grows wiser. Education spreads. Arbitration begins to displace litigation among men of large affairs, and it would be well if judges were to begin laying a firm hand on their dockets with a view to weeding out preventable litigation and disallowing unnecessary costs.

It seems pretty tough that the estate of the late Sir Adam Wilson should be dragged into court so many years after his death, and during the life of his aged widow. When a lot of lawyers get together, free from the eye of the world, their favorite toast is "Here's to the man who makes his own will." They honor him as their best benefactor. The late Sir Adam was a Chief Justice, and his friends say that he was always concerned lest he should leave an intestacy. He did not write his own will, but he appears to have had more than one written for him, and through one cause and another, one, two, or three actions at law are now hovering about his estate. He knew what such things meant, and devoted anxious care to keeping his property as far from the courts as the wisdom and experience of a Chief Justice, with the advice of one or more lawyers, could keep it, but all to no purpose. It is said that a will has been found, later than the one under which the estate has been administered for years, and that it looks as if it might create an intestacy—just what the late Chief Justice dreaded and anxiously sought to provide against. Surely the law is a wonderful thing! And how just the law is, too, since even its own high priests can not hide their goods from it.

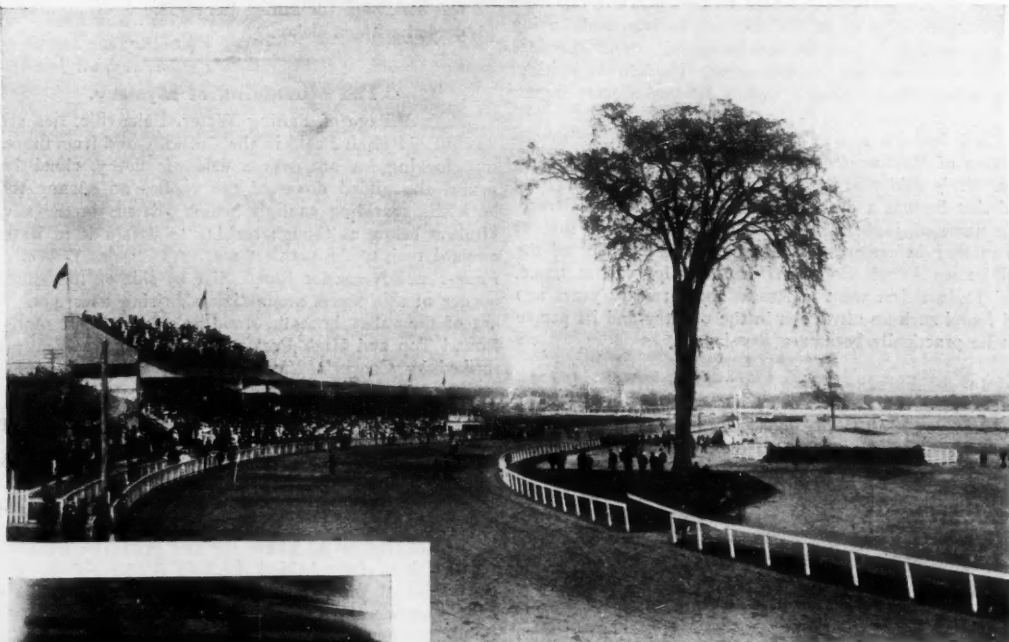
Dr. Stephen Leacock of McGill has become chief exponent in Canada of the cause of Empire consolidation, and has been keeping at it vigorously for some time past. Heretofore the Empire has held together more by good luck than anything else, he tells us, and it is high time to fix things up on a sure basis. There may be a question in some minds whether it were better to depend on Luck or on Leacock in such a matter. Luck has done very well by us. I fancy, too, that there has been something more than mere luck at work all these years bringing the British Empire to her present state. The highest political sagacity was, for instance, shown during the past two generations in leaving Canada entirely hand-free in her own affairs and quite unpestered with duns and

exhortations to pay funds into the Imperial treasury for the up-keep of the army and navy. It was not by mere luck that these questions were allowed to lie dormant in a promising colony next door to a covetous Republic—allowed to lie dormant until in course of time the colony itself produced a Parkin, a Denison and a Leacock to raise these questions on the spot. It is not through mere luck, either, that almost any Canadian who goes to England can get a nomination for the British Commons, with almost certain election, so that presently this country promises to have an indirect representation there more influential than that of Ireland. In fact, Luck is but a handy name for happy results flowing from causes that are not readily apparent. Dr. Leacock does not want to wait on evolution to complete the Empire; he wants to see the job taken hold of and pushed to completion like the building of a new barn. Outside a given circle of people, a choice few in each of our cities, the feeling is that there is no need for doing things with a rush if we expect permanency of result. Canada desires to retain

what they are there for. But the question that concerns the country has nothing to do with these men. They did not provision the steamer *Arctic*, nor float the North Atlantic Trading Company. They make accusations which, if true, are very damaging to the Laurier Administration, and which, if true, they deserve commendation rather than blame for making. The trial of Messrs. Foster and Bennett for the high crime of being scandal-hunters can wait over until the proceeds of their hunt have been examined, for it may be that they hunted to some purpose and shot wolves for whose scalps the country cheerfully pays a bounty.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a bad business on his hands. The late Mr. Prefontaine was playing fast and loose with the department in his charge. There can be no doubt of the recklessness of his expenditures, and it is possible that very unpleasant disclosures may be made in connection with various matters that were in his keeping. The trouble with Mr. Prefontaine was that he considered him-

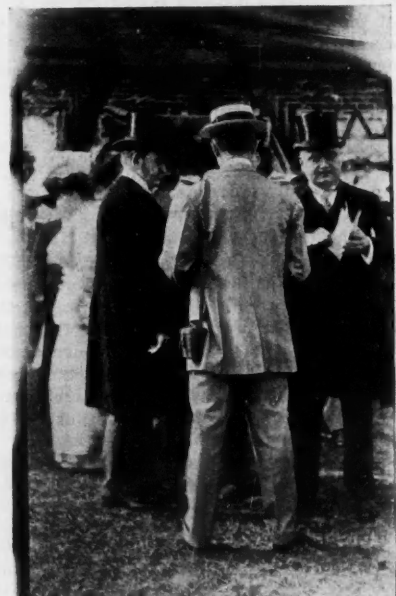
each per day, the likelihood is that much of that which was purchased never reached the boat, yet, when Government sugar goes astray a Premier is bound to feel nervous about setting the police to trace it—for it may be traced to the house or warehouse of a friend! It is an ugly business for Sir Wilfrid to have to handle, and the kind of thing that will annoy him to the soul. The Marine Department's fitting out of the ice-breaking steamer for the St. Lawrence was recklessly done. Breakfast cups and saucers were bought at \$1.04 each; one half-dozen fish dishes, each \$13.28; one half-dozen dish covers, each \$19; two coffee pots, each \$23; two tea pots, each \$21; four milk jugs, each \$17; two sugar bowls, each \$27; three fruit stands, each \$47; three ice pitchers, each \$20, etc., etc. A boat that goes out smashing ice on the St. Lawrence river has no real need for seventy champagne glasses costing \$42.58, and one may venture to say that no Liberal in the country will have any inclination to defend such foolish extravagance as was practised in connection with these two boats. What is Sir Wilfrid going to do about it? If he follows the usual party practice of defending a thing because it was done, and shielding offenders because they travel under the party name, he will disappoint many who sincerely believe in him.



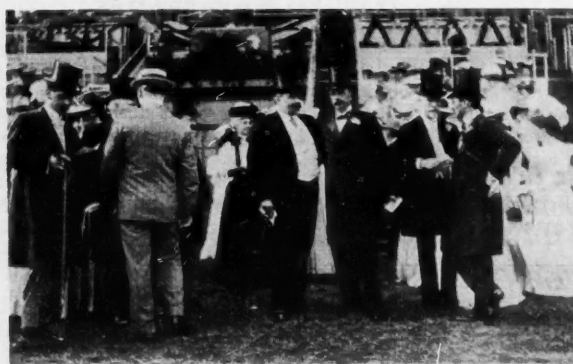
JUST AFTER THE "TORONTO CUP" WAS RUN.

## AT THE WOODBINE

ON THE 24TH OF MAY



PREMIER WHITNEY.



EARL GREY.

PROMINENT PEOPLE ON THE LAWN

self-government in its entirety, and, until some genius can devise a plan whereby Canada over here and Great Britain over there can unite more closely than at present without requiring this country to hand back across the pond any part of the home rule we already have—most people will prefer to see the present arrangement continue. There is an incurable prejudice in the blood against any proposal to export taxes across salt water.

Much depends on whose ox is gored. It is interesting to observe how the *Mail* on the one hand and the *Globe* on the other, treat the stories that come from Ottawa about departmental extravagance or worse. The *Mail* sees revealed a frightful state of affairs, although in its time it has comported looked on worse scenes of jobbery without blinking an eyelid. The *Globe*, while expressing a desire to see any charge that may be laid, fully investigated, trains all its guns on Foster and Bennett for their "scandal-mongering." It has no patience with such men. Yet it will be within the reader's recollection that the *Globe* once accorded high honor to men who spent their days and nights working up exposures on the departments at Ottawa. It is all a question of whose ox is getting horned. Hon. George E. Foster and Mr. W. H. Bennett are not personally popular in Parliament, and, just now, they are not so conducting themselves as to improve their standing in this respect with the followers of the party in power. They seek applause in other quarters. Unquestionably they are making all the row

self safe to do what he pleased so long as he kept up his political fences in and around Montreal. If he made sure of a strong following for himself in and out of Parliament, he saw no reason for worrying about what fine moralists would think of his political actions. He knew that it was as a free money-spender that he made way in Montreal. He retained his faith in the method that had prospered him, and felt sure that the Premier could not part with him, should he once get a solid body of Quebec Liberals at his back. The story goes that he had two dozen Quebec members pledged to back him, even against Sir Wilfrid, and that a document establishing the fact is now in the Premier's possession. This may or may not be true, but it seems plain enough that the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, when he made such reckless and ridiculous expenditures in provisioning the *Arctic* and in fitting out a steamer for breaking ice in the St. Lawrence, knew that exposure must follow and made ready to quit public life, or, to compel Sir Wilfrid to stand by him. All the stuff charged against the Bernier excursion could not have been put on board that ship—could not have been used on such a voyage. Where did it go? Who got it? Who got the extra shirts, for instance? One thousand of them were bought for the use of the thirty-four men who made up the staff and crew. Politically, it may be a dangerous business to start looking for these shirts, as there is no telling on what distinguished back one of them may be found. As the men on the cruise could not eat two pounds of sugar

Fishery Inspector Shelley, who has made some reputation for himself by his efficient enforcement of laws long ignored, by boarding trains and seizing shipments of fish that had been unlawfully taken in Ontario waters, has been dismissed from his position. The reasons are not made public. This officer hit the bull's-eye. He made illegal fishing unprofitable, by destroying its market, and the official who accomplishes so much in so short a time, is bound to make enemies. It is to be hoped the Government is not handing him over to the enemies he has made through the doing of his duty. Shelley has shown the way, and if he be dropped, and another appointed who does not follow his decisive methods, it will be reasonable to conclude that there are fishermen who have a pull somewhere else than in a fish-pond.

All the discussion that has taken place so far in connection with the Presidency of Toronto University is, of course, quite gratuitous. The Government has yet to appoint a Board of Governors, who will appoint a President. The Presidency of Professor Loudon will cease the moment the Governors assume control. A formal and particular resignation is not necessary. But the Governors may ask President Loudon to retain his post until they get time to turn around. It is said that some of the local party workers in Toronto take the view that the appointing of this Board of Governors should be left with the local patronage committee, but that the Government cannot see it in that light. I should think not. A local party patronage committee would put up a truly beautiful Board of Governors for the Provincial University! This isn't a job for defeated candidates, ex-aldermen, and political workers of the Justice of the Peace dimension. Nor, with a Provincial institution like this, should the Government, in choosing the best Board of Governors available, confine the appointments to residents of Toronto. Some of them should be chosen from outside points in the Province. As to the Presidency, it is generally assumed that a new man will be selected to carry forward the work along the new lines of organization. There have been too many feuds around that seat of learning, and it is high time they were all ended. Perhaps there are men on the University staff competent to fill the Presidency, but the down-town opinion is that no sort of satisfactory organization could result from the exalting of any present member of the staff over the heads of those with whom he has been duelling for years. What the occasion seems to require is a new man in the Presidency, armed with plenty of authority, indifferent to past differences, ready to dispense with the services of anybody who does not show a disposition to start anew and have harmony on all sides.

Mr. Maclean of South York could not have supposed for a moment that the Ottawa Government would agree to a Parliamentary inquiry into life insurance while a Government Commission was engaged in that very work. Yet there is considerable point in Mr. Maclean's argument that the Commission may ramble indefinitely over the insurance field and bring in no report during the present session. When the Government took the insurance question out of the hands of Parliament by appointing this Commission on the very eve of the opening of the House, the reason given was that no time could be lost if a report was to be had in time to permit of legislation being passed during the present session. All that is to be learned can be learned by investigating the big companies—the little ones learn their business from the big ones. It should still be possible, then, for the Commission to get through and send in a report during the session, especially as the members are all in favor of a long session to justify them in voting for the increased indemnity.

Sherring of Hamilton, who won the Marathon race, was vastly surprised at the reception he received in Toronto, he not being prepared to see such manifestations of enthusiasm in a city rival to his own. Whatever may be said of her, Toronto has a considerable pride of family, and, whenever a Canadian turns the trick abroad, is willing to cheer him as he passes through on his way home, whether it be a Sherring returning to Hamilton or a Gaudaur returning to Orillia. Blood is thicker than water even in Hogtown. Sherring won a race in which many countries were represented by strong competitors, and his success made him the mark for envy. The *Buffalo Times* says: "The Marathon winner, William Sherring, is a lean, frail-looking Canadian. He tottered into Athens with his arms hanging limp at his sides, his head swaying from side to side, his eyes bloodshot and half closed. He fell in a faint at the finish line and was not revived for three hours. Swamberg, the plucky Swede, was but eight yards behind, Frank, the American, following the latter by about five yards." There is a mean-spiritedness



about this comment that it would be hard to match. Nobody was near Sherring at the finish—he distanced the other competitors, not by yards, but by minutes. Why should the winner of this twenty-six miles run be disparaged, while the man who ran second is described as "plucky," and the American who ran third is represented as being but thirteen yards behind, when he was actually more than a mile to the bad when Sherring finished? As to the condition of the victor at the conclusion of the race, there is plenty of evidence that he finished in good shape. The man who wins in such a contest cannot be described as "frail." The comment of the Buffalo paper is false in fact, envious and contemptible in spirit.

In international sports the people of the United States are acquiring a reputation that will not be envied them by any other people. Their athletes win many prizes, but they do it, too often, by the aid of tactics that none but themselves would resort to. In the walking match at Athens Linden of Toronto earned the prize, but it was snatched from him by an American who, when out of view of the judges, broke into a run. A sporting trophy got by dishonesty—what a prize! The English runners who took part in the quarter, half, and mile runs, are telling in their home papers how the Americans worked together—four of them in each race, three running to help the fourth win, or rather to hinder anybody but their own man in getting to the front at the finish. This is sport of a kind, but it is of a very cheap kind. International trophies won by methods that are not international, but exclusively American, carry no honor with them. The trouble with our neighbors is that the morality of baseball enters into all their athletics. In some ways baseball is the greatest game ever invented, but it has acquired a morality that is not to be admired. On the player rests no responsibility whatever to play honestly or to tell the truth. He is expected to say anything or do anything that will help his side to win. The umpire is there to enforce the rules; nine men on each side are there to violate the rules if they can fool the umpire and gain anything by it. Bluffing, blustering, brow-beating, swearing black is white to advance a man a base—anything goes, if you can get it past the umpire or shoot it through when his face is turned. Baseball is a great game to witness, but it is played less on the principles of sport than in the spirit of modern money-getting—get it, any old how. In genuine sport a man neither seeks nor accepts any unfair advantage over a competitor, and it is of the highest importance that the youth of the country should be taught a code of morals in their games and athletic exercises that will make them despise a winner who succeeds by dishonesty or through conspiracy.

Three or four letters have come to hand from Canadians in the United States approving some recent remarks in these columns about the use of American flags in holiday decorations. These correspondents, when here, followed the general practice, but they find themselves uncomfortably placed if they exhibit a Canadian flag anywhere in the Republic. One writes: "Tourists come back here and boast of the display they make of the Stars and Stripes at Canadian summer resorts." However, I find that there is thrift in the folly of our householders who use the American flag for decorative purposes. It seems that owing to the large market for which Stars and Stripes are manufactured—owing to the immense consumption of the article, so to speak—they are produced at a price that makes them a great deal cheaper in the Toronto shops than our own flags can be bought for. When a thrifty woman finds that she can get six yards of Stars and Stripes for the same price as two yards of Union Jack, her thrift compels her to take three yards of the bargain, although her loyalty constrains her to take one yard of the national emblem. It isn't disloyalty; it's shopping, that's all!

If Mr. Clarke of the Bennet & Wright firm will not come back to Canada to give evidence in the inquiry into the building accounts of the Toronto City Hall, the inference is that he has disclosures to make that the people ought to hear. Some quick travelling and an extended holiday in the sunny climate of California on the part of this witness should not defeat justice. This man should be forced into the witness-box or into perpetual banishment. Those who want to know the facts should, in a case of this kind, be better able to wait than those who need to conceal them.

Do not let your insurance policy lapse. Whatever may be said about the life insurance companies you may depend upon it that they are safe enough for your purposes. They may not carry over to your credit as much as they should in the way of profits; they may dabble in securities that the law says they must not touch; they may give their directors the inside track in some matters; they may pay unreasonably large salaries in some instances and hoist their running expenses away too high, but the policyholder may rest assured that he would be a very foolish man to drop his policy for any of these reasons. Your policy is good; the present investigation will make it better. Agitation on this subject has done much already to improve the soundness of your policy, for the companies have looked to their methods, have begun complying with the law, and are now under the inspection of an Insurance Department that is most anxious to make good. Do not let your policy lapse. Sit tight.

Some queer ups and downs occur in a man's life, and Hon. A. G. Blair is a good example of it. Something over ten years ago he was Premier of New Brunswick and had a complete mastery of the situation such as no politician in Ontario ever had. Then he was invited to Ottawa by Sir Wilfrid, and for several years was one of the most opinionated and masterful Ministers the Capital had seen. Finding his views on the Grand Trunk Pacific set aside by the Premier, he resigned his portfolio. Next he was appointed chairman of the Railway Commission that he, as Minister of Railways, had created. On the eve of the last general election he caused a sensation by resigning from the Commission and rumor credited him with having had something to do with a political bomb that didn't go off. For a long time Mr. Blair has come and gone as he pleased, unnoticed by the press—he had dropped back into the crowd after twenty years in the limelight. This week he reappeared. He came before the Railway Commission he had created, of which he had been chairman, but he appeared there as counsel for the railway interests, to oppose any meddling with rates. Sure enough, time brings changes. Nobody present could forget the career of this white, burly old gentleman, least of all could he forget, and so, with some air of authority he began explaining what the Commission could and could not do, what Parliament had intended it to do, until Chairman Killam, with proper spirit,



expressed dissent and an intention on the part of the Commissioners to judge of such matters for themselves. In the political plans of Hon. A. G. Blair something broke somewhere—a fuse blew out, or a tire got punctured, or a cog slipped. Be that as it may, he cannot now, as counsel for the railway interests, expect to bring any authority with him into the room where the Railway Commission sits. Judge Killam explains that the popular dissatisfaction with the Commission arises from the fact that the railways have made of it a court rather than a place of inquiry into railway conditions. It is for the Commission, however, to see that the railways do not make it what it should not be.

#### Individualities.

Clark Russell, who may almost be credited with having created the sea novel, and one of the few writers who ever fittingly described the sea, has about decided to stop writing. For years he has been an invalid, suffering from rheumatism. Being in his sixty-ninth year and having money enough to provide for his simple wants, he does not care to undergo the discomforts incident to writing. His father, Henry Russell, was a famous concert singer.

Carl Joubert, one of the most strenuous English advocates of Russian freedom, died the other day in London. It is said that his real name was A. W. C. Grote and that he was a descendant of the historian of Greece. The name of Joubert he adopted because it was that of his mother before marriage. She was a member of the well-known Dutch South African family of that name. Carl Joubert first went to Russia about twenty years ago and found such an attraction in the country and its people that he practically became a Russian.

John L. Sullivan, prize-fighter, was asked what he thought of President Roosevelt. He replied: "Roosevelt? Say, that guy is all to the good. He can't do nothing, but if he was allowed to have his own way this country'd be fine goin'." The night that Peter Maher and Joe Chonski fought at Coney Island Roosevelt was at the ring-side. Just about the middle of the fight a fresh police captain thought he'd stop the fight. Roosevelt up and says: "Say, look here; I'm Police Commissioner, and I know when men are fighting each other, and this fight is all right. Go along now, and don't interfere again." The fight went to the finish.

The German Emperor boasts of being able to sleep as well in a railway car as in his palace; a lucky circumstance, as he is an indefatigable traveller. He has his private train, which, however, pays for all privileges according to the regular tariff. The expense of his trips is enormously increased by his insisting on being kept in direct touch with his officials, just as if he were in Berlin. This involves the establishment of special temporary post and telegraph offices in the cities he visits. After he has taken his bath and looked through the morning papers, he sends for his secretary and spends some hours dictating documents or letters; he always speaks fluently, in any one of the languages he knows, and never makes any corrections.

Bertha Krupp, the richest girl in the world, owner of the great gun works which her father established at

Essen, Germany, is soon to be married. The name of the young man is being kept a secret. Miss Krupp, who holds nearly all of the \$40,000,000 capital stock of the great gun works, has an income of \$2,400,000 a year—about \$6,600 a day. When her mother dies, Bertha and her younger sister, Barbara, will divide \$75,000,000 more between them, in stocks and bonds and property, including iron and coal mines in Westphalia and Spain. Bertha owns the whole town of Essen. Miss Krupp is good-looking, religious, unassuming, and dresses plainly. She leads a somewhat retired life within the inclosure of the splendid Villa Hugel estate, near Essen. She and her mother sometimes visit Florence or the Italian lakes, but her movements are generally veiled in mystery.

Lord Rosebery has come into his own again. In effigy of wax at a London sale he recently fetched five shillings; not a great sum, in truth, but—there's the rub—twice as much as a figure of Mr. Chamberlain and as one of Mr. Gladstone. Why is this? Can it be the interest felt in the ploughman of the lonely furrow by all sportsmen that makes his graven image so valuable, remarks *The Sketch*, or is it that his features lend themselves to some ingenious alteration? Have we not heard of Nelson—or was it Wellington?—made to do duty as Charles Peace? "Other statesmen," be it noted, "were unsalable"—mercifully, names are not given. Henry VIII. and his wives were knocked down for eight shillings apiece; the late Prince Consort for, appropriately enough, half-a-sovereign.

The story of a French prisoner's escape from Devil's Island, which the London and Paris police are at present investigating, almost passes belief. But stories are told of French penal settlements which eclipse even the tales emanating from Sing Sing. One came to light a few years ago—the story of a man and woman who desired to marry in a French convict settlement. "Did you not marry in France?" the priest inquired of the male prisoner. "Yes." "And your wife?" "She is dead," answered the man. "Have you any documentary proof to show that she is dead?" "I have not." "Well, you must produce some proof or I dare not marry you. You must convince me that your first wife no longer lives." There was an awkward pause; the man looked first at the bride-elect, then at the priest, and said to the latter, "I can prove that my wife is dead." "How can you do so?" said the priest. "I was sent here for killing her!" The wedding ceremony proceeded without delay.

#### The Mountains of Mystery.

Rip's Village of Falling Water, Palenville, lies at the base of old High Peak, in the Catskills, and from the summit, looking far out over a field of fleecy, cloud-tipped peaks, the gilded dome of the capitol at Albany tosses back the sparkling sunlight which glistens in the silvery Hudson below as though seeking to detain it in its mad onward rush to the pathless sea, says Charles B. Wells, in *Four-Track News* for June. Side by side on the southern border of this forest mountainland, rising over 4,000 feet out of the valley beneath, stand as sturdy, silent sentinels Round Top and High Peak—the latter so graphically described by Cooper's *Leatherstocking* in *The Pioneers*. Halfway up the northern slope of these twin guardians, from the rustic veranda of one of the artistic mountain homes within the confines of the restricted residential districts of Sunset, Santa Cruz and Twilight parks, looking out over thick branching tree tops, nature's color scheme presents a never-ceasing change. Beginning with early morn, looking eastward through the clove across the valley of the Hudson to where the sun gradually wheels his broad disk up from behind the bold sky-line of the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts, and throughout the midday, when the picturesque play of thick cumulous clouds presents unceasing attraction, as their softening shades silently creep from peak to peak, until, at fading eve, out through the glen westward appear, silhouetted against the sky, massive banks of blazing fires, a dazzling prelude to the mellow afterglow of the declining god as he passes out over the threshold of another day.

Nations that go to war will do well in the future to count the cost, not only of fighting, but the cost of recording that fighting. The latter item is evidently not to be inconsiderable. Witness Mr. Haldane's statement that the estimated cost of the official history of the South African War is at least £27,000—surely an enormous sum for work that it should be some officials' task to do. The amount expended up to the end of March of this year was £22,000; the first volume of the history is due at midsummer; the second and third volumes will be issued at the end of the year; and the last volume will be published next year.—*London Sketch*.

In London it is impossible to guess how much money is gained every year by the theaters, but in Paris, where the managers have to pay a certain percentage to the poor, for some inscrutable reason, the profits of each theater are well known. The most notable thing about the returns just published is that the music-halls, as in London, are steadily gaining on the theaters. Last year the profits of the theaters, including the outlying houses, were just under \$4,800,000, while those of the music-halls were no less than \$3,500,000, a significant move towards the worse, some will say.

"Who among us has the most fun these days?" asks an exchange. We do not know his name, but we saw him yesterday sitting on the bank of the river with a long pole in his hand.—*Dayton News*.

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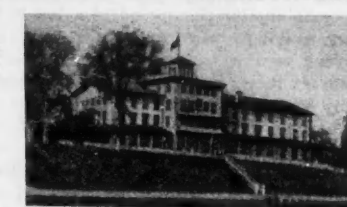
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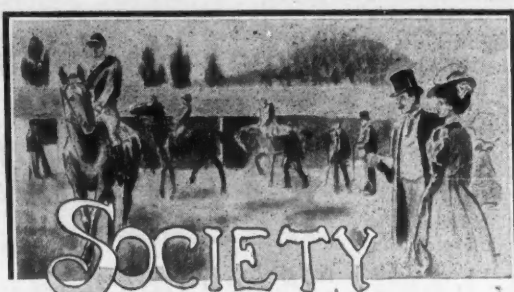
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**T**HE birthday of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, coming on Victoria Day, was the occasion for a parade last week that will live in the memories of those who witnessed it as one of the most inspiring and picturesque that military Toronto has afforded. The regiment of the 48th Highlanders, seven hundred strong, under the new command of Colonel D. M. Robertson, who was the picture of a brave Scottish soldier, marched to Government House and assembled on the beautiful sunken lawn, whose soft May verdancy of soil and surrounding foliage made an effective contrast to the scene of martial display. A squad of pipers formed a necessary historic accompaniment; while the cadet corps of St. Andrew's College, who were in attendance, looked stunning in their new Highland uniforms. Several selections of Scotch music were played, including a fine new march, *The Lochinvar*. The regiment was inspected by His Honor, and then followed the imposing ceremony of trooping the colors. After this always interesting spectacle, His Honor entertained the entire regiment to a luncheon in immense marquees erected in the south-west corner of the grounds, the special policemen on duty being included as semi-military guests. To witness this imposing and splendid parade the relatives of officers of the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld, Principal and Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald of St. Andrew's College, Mr. Chadwick of Lanmar, Miss Chadwick of Tipperary, Rev. Mr. Brown, pastor of New St. Andrew's church, and a few other friends were informally invited to seats on the conservatory terrace, and with the officers of the regiment were afterwards entertained at a dainty luncheon in the ball-room when His Honor's health was drunk with many hearty good wishes.

One of the Highland officers at the trooping of the colors was Major Hendrie of "Holmstead," who was besieged with inquiries as to his father's condition. I heard Major Hendrie relate to a friend that on King's Plate Day, in a brief period of consciousness, while his children were gathered around him, Mr. Hendrie inquired why they were not in Toronto. Had they forgotten that it was King's Plate Day?

Such an afternoon as that of Victoria Day at the Woodbine was not recalled by the oldest members of the O. J. C. The brilliancy of coloring, the density and merriment of the crowds, the light-hearted sportsmanship of those who gayly won and cheerfully lost combined to make a scene such as our sober-hued Toronto does not often present. "Everything seems intoxicating to-day," said one gay youth, and perhaps even His Excellency recalled the fact that he had once declared the Canadian air champagne. Those who had once made resolutions to avoid the fascinating track found themselves like Omar "flinging their winter garments of repentance" in the glowing "fire of spring." It was a magic day when not only youth and beauty, but all sorts and conditions of mankind and womankind met to watch the flying feet that seemed to spurn the track. Forgotten was the automobile, and one smiled at the prophecy of the horseless age, for, behold he was king of the holiday and our hearts and dollars were with him as he faltered or superbly won. His Excellency and Lady Sibyl Grey arrived early on the scene and were met by Mr. Seagram and the O. J. C. Committee. Mrs. Burritt and Mr. Leonard McMurray presented bouquets of Jacqueminot roses to Lady Sibyl and her friend, Miss Howard. Lady Sibyl wore a pretty lace-trimmed gown of white, with touches of blue, and a wide white hat trimmed with plumes of pink and pale blue. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a gown of grey silk with handsome lace cape and a grey hat trimmed with feathers of the same soft shade. Miss Clark was gowned in a pretty costume of white silk mull, and Miss Elise Clark wore a gown of pale blue silk. Mrs. Hanbury-Williams wore a dainty white gown with delicate mauve trimming, and Mrs. Whitney wore Nile green silk trimmed with lace. Mrs. George Hees looked very well in black lace over white silk, while Mrs. Harris Hees was much admired in an exquisite gown of embroidered, lace-trimmed mull with white hat and boa. Mrs. Christie's costume of white satin embroidered in black, with dainty coat and picturesque black hat, was eminently becoming. Among Victoria Day visitors was Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, who came with Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, and looked graceful and smart in a soft grey dress. Another welcome guest was Miss Rene Hugel, who came with Colonel and Mrs. Merritt, and looked very stylish in her poppy-colored silk with rustic hat and poppies. Among the many pretty women at the races one always remembers a few, two of whom were Mrs. Cook of Montreal and her sister, Miss O'Meara, who wore charming pale blue gowns with very modish hats on their raven-black hair. Grey gowns were effective in their soft, subdued tints among the more brilliant colors, and one of the most artistic of these was worn by Mrs. J. K. Osborne. Mrs. William Mackenzie wore a handsome gown of heliotrope crepe with toque of the same delicate color. Miss Athol Boulton wore a pretty girlish gown of pink muslin with sash of pink silk. It was a gala of gowns, but after all the crowd was the thing, for never had such swarming humanity made the Woodbine all aglow with color and clamorous with the cries of thousands of betting, gossiping, laughing, regretful racegoers. It was a great day for the kodaks, and photographers took the golden opportunity to get the finest snapshots that the fortnight has afforded. It was a day of green and gold to be held in glad remembrance.

Mrs. Falconbridge left town last week for a visit to New York, during which she expects to spend some time with Miss Margaret Anglin.

Friday of last week was a comparatively quiet day at the Woodbine after the throng of Victoria Day, but several prettily-gowned Montreal visitors were noticed in the crowd. It is reported that Montreal guests have been here in larger numbers than ever before and have met with most hospitable entertainment. On Saturday, in spite of the storms in the early afternoon, the members' stand was well filled. Lady Sibyl Grey and her friend, Miss Howard, had braved the unpleasant prospect, and the former was wearing a cream cloth costume with blue hat, while her friend wore a contrasting gown of black, with black hat trimmed with roses. Mrs. Hanbury-Williams wore a black and white frock with hat of the same colors. Perhaps owing to the grey skies, black and white seemed to be the popular attire. Mrs. Bruce Macdonald wearing a becoming costume in that combination and Mrs. W. P. Fraser looking smart in a suit of shepherd's plaid, while Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon's black and white gown was daintily attractive.

A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday of last week at Trinity church, Buffalo, when Belle Gertrude, second daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Mighton of Toronto, was married to Mr. George Franklin Berner of Buffalo. Rev. Cameron Davis was the officiating clergyman. The bride looked charming in a gown of white rajah silk with bolero of Irish lace, with white hat trimmed with lilies of the valley. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. J. Hamblin Kamman, as matron of honor, gowned in pale blue silk. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present. After the honeymoon, which will be spent in New York and other Eastern cities, Mrs. Berner will receive at her home, 185 Norwood avenue, Buffalo.

Miss Mabel Marter of Elm Grove, Parkdale, gave a pretty tea on Thursday afternoon for Miss Olive Clemes who is to be married to Mr. Percival Adair of New York early this month. The bride-elect is most popular among a large circle of girl friends, and universal regret was expressed at her intended departure.

His Excellency the Governor-General has been kept exceedingly busy this week and seems to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the various functions in which he graciously consents to take part. Last Sunday and Monday were spent in Hamilton, which is looking its prettiest just now. On Monday morning a civic reception was held, and then there was a mountain drive to the new sanitarium where His Excellency and Lady Sibyl Grey were greeted by a committee of Hamilton ladies, and the former declared the new institution open. The Daughters of the Empire, headed by Mrs. P. D. Cramer, have taken a great interest in the cause and were delighted with the successful opening day, during which an informal reception was held until the evening. On Thursday His Excellency went to Guelph to visit the Ontario Agricultural College.

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt entertained at dinner last Monday night, their guests including Lord and Lady Templeton, General and Mrs. Otter, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Rev. Provost Macklem. They also gave a dinner on Friday night of last week, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Orr Lewis of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCuaig of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. George Higinbotham, Captain George, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Hedley Bond, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw.

The lecture given by Dr. Stephen Leacock of McGill University at Massey Hall last Monday night was well attended inasmuch as it was under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, and was under the auspices of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor was in the chair, and the music was contributed by the life and drum band of the O. O. R. and the choral class of the Public schools. The vice-regal box made a pretty study in flag decoration and was occupied by His Excellency, Lady Sibyl Grey, who wore a gown of rose crepe de Chine, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, gowned in pink satin with diamonds, Miss Howard, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Lord and Lady Templeton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Miss Mortimer Clark, and Captain Macdonald, while such enthusiastic "Daughters" as Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet, and Miss Constance Boulton were seated near the be-flagged box. The address on "Imperial Unity and Defence" was delivered with a finished grace and enthusiasm that won warm applause from an appreciative audience. Dr. Leacock was the guest of Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt.

A jolly little luncheon for "not-outs" was given by Mrs. Haydn Horsey for Miss Winnifred Tait last Saturday. Afterwards the hostess took her young friends to Shea's, as the storm prevented their attending the Races.

Mrs. Morrow arrived in town last Saturday with Miss Phyllis Ward, and will remain for a few days in Toronto.

Lord Templeton was a guest of the Toronto Club at their dinner on Friday night. On Saturday Lord and Lady Templeton were at the State dinner at Government House, when Lady Templeton's magnificent diamonds were greatly admired.

Among those who had the honor of dining with His Excellency and Lady Sibyl Grey at "Glen Stewart" after the Victoria Day races were Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, Hon. and Mrs. W. J. Hanna, Hon. and Mrs. Frank Cochrane, Colonel Matheson, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison, and Mr. Bainbridge.

One of the gayest dinners of Victoria Day was that given by Mrs. Melvin-Jones at the Hunt Club to forty guests. The tables were daintily decorated with roses and sweet peas. Among those who were dining at the Hunt Club were: Miss Elise Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Hon. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Miss Estelle Holland, Major Macdonald, Colonel Stimson, Mr. G. Tate Blackstock, Mrs. Timmerman, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Miss Adele Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. Harbottle, Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie, Miss Ethel Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble, Dr. Bruce, Mr. Allen Case, Miss Case, Miss Dora Rowand, Captain Van Straubenzie, Miss Aileen O'Meara, Miss Casgrain, Mr. Buchanan.

Widespread regret was felt last week at the death of Mrs. Cook, the mother of Mrs. Douglas Macdougall of Forest road. She had made her home with her son-in-law and daughter, and her bright, companionable nature made her sincerely loved. Mr. Douglas Macdougall accompanied the remains to New York, and returned to Toronto on Monday.



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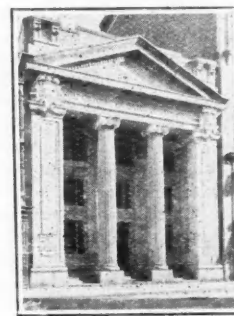
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BISON—Ideal collar style for men, specially meant for stout folk, and men & women whose collar comfort is everything. 2 1/4 inches front, from band to wing point—17 1/2 inches at back.

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Made of IRISH linen so 'twill best withstand the laundry trip that wrecks a poorer fabric. Sewn to make wear show slowly. Shaped for fit, for comfort, for style—as only these collars are.

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Ellis Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits are particularly desirable for summer wear.

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## Empire Day in Hamilton

It was a warm, grey dawn the day after Sherring, but Hamilton looked as if she had not been having the time of her ambitious life the night before. Any other city would have been a trifle exhausted and looked worn and wan after the rouge of the triumphant greeting had faded. But there was a briskness about the citizens, a trim joyousness about the streets that made the mere Toronto person wonder how Hamilton has achieved the art of looking well the morning after. To rise to a great occasion is, after all, somewhat easier than to meet a great reaction; but Hamilton's cheerfulness is of the Mark Tapley order and "comes out strong" when the ordinary good spirits would fail.

But silvery as was the mist on the morning of May 23rd, I wished that it had been heavier, so that the spoliation of the Bay might not be visible. Whatever powers control our landscapes should be called upon to protect such a scene from the ungentle art of the advertiser. At the prettiest verdant point which juts out into the water some unkind distorter of the beautiful has erected a bottle, a huge brown arrangement, advertising a certain essence that is said to invigorate. As I gazed indignantly at its ugliness, I solemnly vowed that never should I drink that harmless beverage again, even though a mere spoonful in a cup of boiling water were to mean prolonged life. Chewing tobacco, shoes, and patent medicine are also advertised in glaring and unlovely fashion until the citizen who believes that the trees and rocks of the land were meant for nobler uses than exploiting the merits of dopes and drugs is inspired to protest against this disfigurement of the land, this pollution of the water. Hamilton Bay, alas! is not what is used to be, and it would not be an ill wind that would arise and blow all the wooden bottles and glaring yellow signs far out into Lake Ontario.

However, after all, the drawbacks of a commercial age are forgotten when one looks from the brow of the hill on as fair a prospect as Canada affords. I wonder if Sherring, as he ran his famous race, had any room in his thoughts or memory for the home and the hill so many seas away. To remember such verdant loveliness would make any runner's ambition "settle in his legs," as MacLaren's Scotch witness has it. The foliage seemed like wave after wave of tender, billowing green from which rose chimneys, towers, and spires, while beyond floated that cloud of pearly grey which would allow hardly a glimpse of the waters and the woods across the Bay. The flags that had greeted Sherring were yet unfurled and the gleam of scarlet and blue was seen amid the spreading branches of the maple. There was still the unspoiled freshness of May, before the dusty touch of summer's heat has dimmed the trees' restful beauty. The full growth had not come and it was that best of seasons, "when all the wood stands in a mist of green." And such greens as they were that shaded from the tender yellow tints to sage and emerald and the sombre strength of the pines! And there was a green flag here and there to remind one that Sherring's parents come from the land where a certain small trefoil shines "through the bog and the brake and the mireland."

But it was also blossom-time, and all along the roadside were snowy branches bearing the hawthorn, the English "may" that brought back the words of Kingsley's song, one of the sweetest ever written:

"Oh! that we two were maying  
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,  
Like children with violets playing  
In the shade of the whispering trees."

Then there were acres where apple and plum blossoms made the hill crest a fragrant delight and here and there through the trees could be seen the walls of some old-fashioned homestead built in the days before the flat had been heard of. The early settlers of Hamilton and Ancaster meant to build homes when they raised their dwelling-places and planted their trees and there is more than a touch of the older lands in the quiet country air and the houses that look as if they had sheltered four generations. But in the midst of all this luxurious peace I found that Hamilton, which is never happy until it has united the practical to the pretty, has set apart a new sanitarium for those who are victims of the "white plague."

A brick residence, with a cosy, home-like air about it, has been chosen for the staff, but the patients are to live in tents, for the fresh air treatment for this disease is to be enforced to the utmost. One cannot get very far from the "still, sad music of humanity," even on a morning in May, and while at first such reminder of suffering might seem depressing, as soon as the arrangements for alleviation and cure were seen, the cheering, helpful aspect of the place became dominant. It is the sick who need the sunshine and the blossoms and all the healing strength that untainted air can give. There were no patients in the home last week, but probably by this time the tents are filled and the bright "sunnieries" with canvas walls and lounging-chairs are being enjoyed by those to whom they will bring hope and healing. Hamilton is, I believe, the first community to claim the grant made by the Ontario Legislature last year towards establishing a local sanitarium. A large share of the credit of this enterprise must go to the Hamilton women, who seem to have a double portion of the ambitious and united spirit that makes a thriving community. I was shown piles and piles of linen equipment which was the Lenten employment of the Daughters of the Empire. His Excellency the Governor-General, went to Hamilton last Monday to declare the sanitarium open, for that city likes to have everything done loyally and in order. In fact it was Mrs. Fessenden of Hamilton who first suggested the keeping of Empire Day.

There is one noticeable improvement about the modern "institution." In the olden days, service was the only quality remembered in the articles of equipment, but under present conditions matters of taste are not neglected. The bright blues, violent pinks, and bilious yellows have passed away, and even for an "institution," a word, as Mr. Sutro says, dear to the British public, furnishing of daintier, softer hues has been devised. In this respect the new Hamilton sanitarium is indeed well off, for nothing fresher and prettier than the staff rooms could have been provided. For the patients, as has been said, a tent is the rule, with the open air for daily and hourly treatment. At meal-times, of course, they are allowed to come indoors, and their dining-room seems to be walled with windows, so bright is the prospect. The equipping of such a place is patriotism of the best sort, and here's

to the health of the Hamilton enterprise! A sweet-faced English nurse was enthusiastic about her opportunities in this work, and as we drove away from the tents in the orchard it seemed the most natural thing in the world that people should get well in the midst of light and fragrance.

It would have been apparent to the most careless observer that the schools were alive to the possibilities of Empire Day, for flags and flowers were displayed wherever the young idea was sending forth patriotic shoots. They are a nice-looking lot, too, the Hamilton girls and boys, and they can sing in a fashion that gives one to believe that they have a rare enthusiasm. At Ryerson school, there were speeches, songs, and recitations, all of an admirable brevity, and there did not seem to be a bored pupil in the room. *Qui vive* would appear to be the motto, and they leave the spectator in no doubt as to their pride in what Kipling calls "The Native-Born." Girls in white dresses, boys with shining faces, lilacs and hawthorn everywhere, with *The Maple Leaf Forever* echoing through the city! Who would not go to school on Empire afternoon? At Cannon street school there was a programme of much the same order and the unaccompanied songs were given with surprising harmony. Small boys had Sherring badges with green ribbon pinned on their coats, and it was easy to see that the Marathon victory had brought a high tide of patriotism to the juvenile heart. The pupils had a picturesque fashion of saluting each speaker, and altogether gave a cheering refutation to the idea expressed by some that the manners of this generation are not what they ought to be. In fact, one speaker who deplored the somewhat rude tendencies of the age made a handsome exception of "present company." The pupils evidently knew the history of the flag, and the training which they receive may prevent such eruptions of the Stars and Stripes as our ill-guided citizens occasionally display. Empire Day in Hamilton was an entirely enlivening occasion and even the most ardent Torontonians could not grudge the possession of the greatest runner of the Olympian games to a city that deserves such a son.

CANADIANNE.

## A San Francisco Story.

An amusing anecdote is going the rounds of San Francisco at the expense of one of the employees of the firm of Baker & Hamilton. Let us call him Smith.

Smith lost his home in the great fire and the hospitable head of the firm of Baker & Hamilton offered him shelter under his own roof, which happened to be in the Western Addition beyond the ravages of the flames. Although a very wealthy man, Mr. Baker was unable to procure drinking water during the first few days after the fire. So he employed two men and a boy with buckets to pack water all the way from an artesian well in the Richmond district, two miles away. The only large receptacle in the house was the porcelain bath-tub, which was accordingly scrubbed and washed and scoured, and scoured and washed and scrubbed, and the precious water was therein stored. It took two days to fill the tub, and Mr. Baker paid accordingly.

On the first morning after his arrival Mr. Baker's guest was late in appearing for breakfast. Mr. Baker sent a servant to call him. The servant returned with a frightened look.

"Did you call Mr. Smith?" said the master.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"He's not in his room, sir."

"Where is he, then?" said Mr. Baker.

"He's taking a bath, sir!"

The consternation of the house of Baker can be better imagined than expressed.

The reporters who announced that Millet's famous picture, "The Man With the Hoe," had been destroyed in the San Francisco disaster, will regret to learn—for their veracity's sake—that the famous painting is safe; all lovers of art will rejoice exceedingly. It is the property of William H. Crocker, the millionaire, and was dragged out of his burning residence by a servant just in the nick of time. The picture's history is of considerable interest. It was painted in 1860, and its appearance in the Salon of 1863 aroused some antagonism to the artist, who was dubbed "Socialist," and, so, dangerous, although he met the arguments of his detractors that his treatment of his subject created a misplaced pity for the hard lot of the peasantry by the statement: "A man leaning on his hoe, or on his spade, is more typical of work than a man in the act of digging or hoeing. He shows that he has worked, and is tired—that he is resting, and will work again"—we quote from Millet, in Bell's *Miniature Series of Painters*. The controversy was not without its value. It made the artist notorious, as well as noted, and commission after commission resulted. The picture, which, by the way, is valued at £30,000, has not been in America for long. Two or three years ago only, it was one of the two important examples of Millet's work to be found in Belgium. The United States, however, know the artist's pictures well. A year or two back twenty-two of Millet's chief paintings had homes there. At the same time France housed an equal number; England, thirteen; Belgium, two; Denmark, one. The scale is probably now still more in Uncle Jonathan's favor.



Newlywed (proudly)—I always make a point to tell my wife everything that happens.  
Old Sport—Pooh! that's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all.

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For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.


## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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The month of June is delightful for a trip, and many there are to choose from: Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Georgian Bay, Upper Lakes, Quebec, White Mountains, and Eastern Resorts, and excellent service is provided. Tourist tickets covering trip through the various lakes and to Eastern points are on sale daily.

Call on C. E. Horning, City Ticket Agent, before making arrangements, and he will complete an itinerary for you.

TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



MR. R. B. ANGUS,  
Montreal.

Montreal, May 31.  
In spite of denials it looks as if the amalgamating shirt and whitewear manufacturers and the Dominion Textile Company had a great deal in common. The plan, as announced, is to combine the Standard Shirt Company, J. P. Black & Co., A. H. Sims & Co., and the G. H. Harrower Co. under one management with a capital stock of three millions, of which two millions will be immediately issued. There will also be a bond issue of half a million. Within the past few years these manufacturers have made tremendous strides, and upon comparatively small outlays of capital have managed to gather in large returns. The four corporations will receive bonds in payment for their plants, and a proportion of stock will represent the working capital. The proposal is to issue the stock around 75, which will give those interested a handsome return. That the new corporation and the Dominion Textile Company are closely allied is indicated by the fact that David Yuile, president of the latter; C. B. Gordon, second vice-president, and J. P. Black, director, are all actively interested in one or another of the shirt-manufacturing companies. This fact will unquestionably work to the interest of both concerns, for it forms a direct link between the cotton manufacturer and the cotton consumer. The work of whipping the combine into shape fell upon the shoulders of A. Haig Sims, who is a capitalist and worker of the younger generation, and Mr. R. Forget, whose aid was found necessary in bringing the various interests together. The stock will be listed on the Canadian exchanges within a comparatively short time.

Mr. James Ross is not likely to return to Canada for some three months to come. Quite recently he found it necessary to undergo an operation in a London hospital, and while he is about and much better, still he does not feel capable of taking up the reins of business just yet. The chances are that he will spend the greater portion of the summer cruising on his yacht in European waters, and it is quite possible that he may come over in her to this side later on.

An interesting problem in connection with the annual statement of the Montreal Light, Heat, and Power Company, just issued, is endeavoring to figure out what the profit is on the actual cash outlay, eliminating the water which has been introduced from time to time. The annual report gives the net earnings as \$1,278,000, this being just a trifle better than 7-1/2 per cent. on the capital stock of \$17,000,000. The question is: How much of this capital of \$17,000,000 and of the bonded debt of \$7,500,000 represents actual outlay? The absorption of the various interests which go to make up the present Power Company began back in 1900. It was a slow and expensive operation, and it is safe to say that not one of the corporations included in the Merger was purchased at anything like its first cost, beginning with the Montreal Gas Company and the Royal Electric, and ending with the Lachine Hydraulic and Land Company. The promoters of this latter enterprise were G. B. Burland, who furnished the money, and W. McLea Walbank, brainy engineer and canny Scotchman, who saw in the Lachine Rapids great power possibilities. From the beginning they were a thorn in the side of the Power Company. Selling their product at about half the price the Merger is now obtaining, they were able to make fair dividends for their stockholders, increase the capacity of their plant from time to time, and gradually acquire both wealth and strength. The last strategic move of the Lachine Company was acquiring control of the Montreal and Shawinigan Power Company, which concern, while located seventy miles away, was anxious to transmit power to this city, and which they are now doing under management of the Merger.

Shortly after the completion of the deal between the Lachine and the Shawinigan companies there was a clash in the internal management of the first-named corporation, and it was not long before there was open warfare between Messrs. Burland and Walbank. Burland represented his own interests, which amounted to nearly half the capital of the Lachine Company, and Walbank marshalled the remaining stockholders together under his own leadership. For a time it was a question which would win out and the epithets passing current between them would not bear repetition in a family journal. Each was mortally afraid that the other would gain a controlling interest in the stock, sell out to the Power Company and leave the opposing faction in the lurch. This was just the sort of situation that suited the Power Company down to the ground. Finally some outside interests took a hand along with Walbank and negotiated a deal with the Power Company whereby the control was passed over, with the understanding, however, that the entire capital stock was to be taken at the same figure, provided the Burland interests wished to sell. This Mr. Burland did, there being no other course open, and thus it was that the Lachine Company ceased to be a competitor in the power and light market in Montreal. It is said that Mr. Burland took out \$2 for every \$1 he invested in the Lachine Company, and Mr. Walbank came out of the deal a rich man. The latter gentleman was further provided for in the Power Company, as he soon afterward became its first vice-president. This move was necessary in order to keep Mr. Walbank in line and prevent his launching another concern which sooner or later would be a competitor in the field.

As regards the actual cash expended upon the various plants which go to make up the Light, Heat, and Power Merger, it is of course impossible to speak with any great amount of accuracy, further than to state that the price at which they were taken into the combine was at upward of twice the par value of the stock. For instance the old Gas Company was taken over at two and one-half times its face value while the price for Royal Electric was also upward of twice its par value. It can therefore be very safely figured that before the combined corporations were merged into the present Power Company one hundred per cent. was added, upon which, of course, interest is paid. Add to this wind and water the amount which was pumped into the new corporation at the time of the amalgamation of the interests, and it is fair to presume

that out of a total capitalization of seventeen millions, not more than six, at most, stands for solid expenditure, for it must be remembered that the bonded debts of the various amalgamated concerns stand now as they did previously, less what may have fallen due between the date of the amalgamation and the present time.

Is it any wonder then that disinterested people figure that the Montreal Light, Heat, and Power Company is to-day making upwards of twenty-five per cent. per annum upon actual expenditure of capital. From the point of view of investment this may be an utterly erroneous manner of figuring it, but from the standpoint of the citizen who is obliged to pay the bills it seems correct enough.

Toronto, May 31.  
As regards monetary affairs, conditions show no special changes this week. The demands for money for commercial uses keep as active as ever, and this forbids any accumulation of surpluses, which are usually doled out to brokers on stock collateral. Inactivity on the Stock Exchange is thus partially accounted for. Pretty much the same condition of affairs exists on Wall Street, but of course on a larger scale. The great expansion of business and the development of new fields of industry have necessarily called for a large increase in capital. Our great undertakings, such as railways and canals, get their supplies of capital from Great Britain, and our increasing stocks of surplus grain more than compensate us for the borrowing abroad. The railways of the United States are at present searching for all the new capital that they can lay hold of. Having congested the market with their bonds, they are now resorting to short-time notes, three to five years, of which a large number of issues have been projected. Paris at present is the cheapest money market, and the Americans seem to be quite jubilant over a loan obtained there last week of \$50,000,000 by the Pennsylvania Railroad. French investors have long held a fair amount of such choice securities as Canadian Pacific, Pennsylvania, and New York Central shares, but that market is to be further exploited by the Americans. It must now be recognized that the great life insurance companies, with their large surpluses, are no longer available in case of necessity for the placing of new stock and bond issues. The latter must now meet the open market, which is a healthier method, though not always so acceptable to railroad borrowers who have extensive plans in view.

This has been a very uninteresting week on the Stock Exchanges. There has been no general movement in prices either way, and the commission business has suffered a good deal since the termination of the upward whirl in Mackay. In some stocks there have been slight rallies owing to special causes, but the market this week has been almost neglected. The public are taking no interest in stock speculation, and the prices from day to day are the result of the trading of the professional broker. While Mackay common has been the most active issue traded in on the Toronto Stock Exchange of late, Canadian Pacific has been the most inactive one. The first installment of 20 per cent. on the new issue of \$20,000,000 has been paid up, and the indications are that the increased earnings will more than offset the increased liability, and that the ratio of earnings to capital will bear the same proportion as formerly. For the third week of May the gross earnings of C. P. R. increased \$276,000, and the total from July 1st, 1905 (the beginning of the fiscal year), to May 21st, amounts to \$53,965,000, an increase of \$9,786,000 over the like period of 1904-05, and of \$13,588,000 over the same period of 1903-04. The net profits of the road are also most satisfactory to the proprietors. For the ten months ended April 30th net earnings were \$18,847,600, an increase of \$6,263,380 as compared with the corresponding ten months of the previous fiscal year.

The relative strength of Twin City stock is no doubt due to the earning capacity of the road and a bright future. For the month of April the gross earnings of Twin City Rapid Transit show an increase of 16.6 per cent. over the corresponding month of last year, and net earnings for the same month increased 16.4 per cent. While charges for the month were approximately \$12,000 greater than last year, the surplus after charges increased by \$20,469, or 23 per cent. The present promises to be the best year in the history of the company. The surplus for four months is \$92,000 greater than last year, and is the best reported for the period. New lines have recently been opened between the twin cities, giving increased facilities. Although the old rumor of increasing the quarterly dividend to 11-1/2 per cent. has been revived, it has some justification.

Many disasters to financial interests have occurred in the month of May, and we presume superstitious people are glad that the month has come to an end. It is remarkable how many panics have set in on Friday, and in the month of May. May has always been considered an unlucky month, and Friday a day to be shunned by all in beginning a new undertaking. The panic of 1884 began in May; the Northern Pacific panic was in May, and there have been several great market upheavals, notably that which followed the collapse of Gould's gold corner, which developed on Friday. The London Financial News calls attention to the fact that May 10th was the fortieth anniversary of the panic of 1866 which was ushered in by the failure of the great firm of Overend, Gurney & Co., with liabilities amounting to \$100,000,000. Their failure took place on Thursday afternoon and Friday was a day of widespread liquidation and panic. The causes of this panic are stated as having been over-production, gambling in futures, the establishment of new banks that were not required, and big real estate and building schemes.

**Currency Movement.**  
Operators in stocks on Wall Street are watching the money situation closely, and speculating freely concerning the crop outlook. The movement of currency from New York for crop purposes commences usually about the first

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of September, and the prospect is that the money which New York must send to the West and South next fall will be supplied in great part by remittances from San Francisco, supplemented by the usual summer receipts of gold from British Columbia and Alaska. It is too early to form an estimate of the amount of money required to move the crops, but in ordinary years the net loss to the interior by New York banks for the crop movement has not varied much from the amount sent to San Francisco since the earthquake, or about \$40,000,000.

The Bank of England, however, keeps a much larger cash reserve than the Associated Banks of New York, consisting of about sixty institutions. The Bank of England now holds a reserve of 44.11 per cent. in cash, as against her total liabilities. At the beginning of this year the reserve was about 30 per cent.; by March 15th it had reached 47.55 per cent., and by May 3rd the reserve had declined to 38.76 per cent. A year ago the reserve was 53.15 per cent. The combined banks in the Clearing-house Association of New York have at present a surplus reserve of \$6,694,000 above 25 per cent. in cash held against deposits. Thus the London "Statist" of May 12th refers to the banks held barely 25 per cent. of cash, as against deposits, while on April 6th cash holdings were below the 25 per cent. reserve required. A year ago there was a surplus of about \$11,500,000 over the 25 per cent. in cash held against deposits.

### Bank Reserves.

The leading British financial papers all emphasize the need of increased money reserves. Thus the London "Statist" of May 12th refers to the scare that followed the San Francisco earthquake, as illustrating once more the necessity for materially increasing the gold reserve. It declares that "all the losses, all the anxieties, and all the disturbances are due to the



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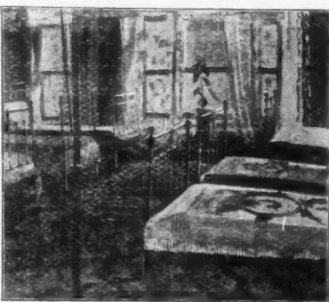
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## Social and Personal

NOT the least attractive feature of the Toronto Press Club's theater nights at Shea's, June 8th and 9th, is a novel souvenir programme which promises to divide interest with the play itself. In this programme are contributions in prose, verse, and drawings, by prominent newspaper men and cartoonists of the Toronto press. Another piece of enterprise has been the engaging of a picked orchestra under Mr. Frederick Nicolai, which will play a programme of musical worth, including the overture to Massenet's opera of *Manon Lescault*, a selection never before given in Toronto. The play, *Liberty Hall*, is a standard drama in the old land. It is written in R. C. Carton's happiest mood and is a refreshing contrast to the tailor-made drama. *Liberty Hall* savors of much that is loveliest in human character and nature, and in its quaintness of atmosphere is like a page from Dickens. The cast has been happily chosen. Mr. R. S. Pigott has been secured for the leading role of Mr. Owen, which affords him excellent acting opportunities. Douglas A. Paterson, under whose direction the play is produced, assumes the part of William Todman "bookseller and circulating librarian, Bloomsbury, London." The remaining roles are played by Mrs. Ethel Van Valkenburg, Miss Mabel Dalby, Miss Gertrude Tewsey, Miss Isabel Watson, J. Edgar Middleton, Frank M. Kennedy, J. Harry Smith, Joseph Hay, Guy Mitchell, and Allan Green. The sale of seats for *Liberty Hall* opens at Shea's on Monday. With such management and cast success is assured and *Liberty Hall* will be played to a crowded house.

The State dinner given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark last Saturday night in honor of His Excellency the Governor-General was the crowning event in a week of brilliant entertaining. The table in the ball-room was beautifully decorated with maidenhair fern in vases of silver, and fragrant clusters of daisies, mignonette, roses, and lily of the valley. Silver candelabra with rose-shaded lights shed a soft radiance on the picturesque scene. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a handsome gown of pale blue satin with diamonds. Lady Sibyl Grey was also in blue satin of a somewhat darker shade and wore a coronet of gold leaves. Among the sixty guests were: Lord and Lady Templeton, Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Whitney, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mr. E. B. Osler, Mr. Seagram, Mr. G. A. Reid and Mrs. Reid, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Miss Howard, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar of "Dunedin," Hamilton, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. Alec Mackenzie, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. Leveson-Gower, Mr. and Mrs. Sladen, Dr. Andrew Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allan, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Dr. and Mrs. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tallmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henderson, Captain and Mrs. R. N. Burns, Captain Trotter, A.D.C., Mr. A. S. Post, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. G. W. Torrance, Captain J. Fraser Macdonald.

Mrs. Norman Guthrie of Ottawa, who has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Scott, left town last Wednesday for a visit in Guelph.

Monday was a bright day at the Woodbine, and the feminine attendance was unusually large, while the interest taken in the races was more than ordinarily keen, many fair spectators finding themselves the richer at the close of the day. Mrs. Gwyn Francis, in a smart costume of white serge with white, rose-trimmed hat was welcomed by many friends. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a handsome, embroidered green gown with green toque, and Miss Melvin-Jones a modish tan suit with blue boa and hat trimmed with blue tulle. White appeared to be the favorite color, one of the handsomest costumes being worn by Mrs. McCuaig of Montreal. Blue gowns were also in favor, and Mrs. Barnard's gown and hat of turquoise blue were exceedingly dainty. A pretty gown of pale blue cloth and hat of blue straw, trimmed with pale blue wings, were worn by Mrs. J. Hunter Bonar of Melbourne, Australia, who, with her Scottish husband, was an interested spectator during most of the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, who have been at the King Edward for a fortnight, left for Montreal on Wednesday. A Mexican visitor, Mrs. Ham, wore an exceedingly delicate, embroidered gown of grey cloth, with hat trimmed with roses. It seemed as if the enforced quiet of Saturday had given occasion for an unusually bright and well-gowned Monday crowd. One of the visitors was heard deploring the mishap that befell a luckless jockey. But such accidents, pitiful as they are, seem inevitable whenever there is "a famous vic-tor-ee."

Miss Aimee Falconbridge has returned from a visit to Syracuse, and was one of the daintily-gowned girls at the Woodbine last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of the Alexandra are home again after spending several months in Southern California.

Mrs. Charles Harriss is to spend the summer in England. Dr. and Mrs. Garratt and Miss Norah Sullivan are sailing to-day from Montreal for England.

Tuesday was the occasion of two delightful entertainments in honor of Lady Sibyl Grey and Miss Howard. They attended a luncheon given by Mrs. Melvin-Jones at "Llawhaden," twenty-four guests having been invited. The table was daintily decorated with sweet peas and lily of the valley, their fragrance being essentially of the coming summer. The guests included Miss Mortimer Clark, Madame Armand Laverne of Montreal (who is visiting Mrs. Melvin-Jones this week), Miss Ina Matthews, Miss Maud Begg, Miss Blackstock, Miss Maud Williams, Miss Jean Alexander, Miss Kerr, Miss Nadine Kerr, Miss Kathleen Gordon, Miss Nordheimer, Miss Pearl Macdonald, Miss Adele Austin, Miss Ethel Mackenzie, Miss Kathleen Mackenzie, Miss Josephine Brouse, Miss Erie Temple, Miss Codrington, Miss Langmuir, Miss Somerville. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Beardmore was the hostess of a dinner party at her home in College street in honor of Lady Sibyl Grey. The dinner guests included Miss Howard, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, Mr. Leveson-Gower, Major Macdonald, Dr. Parsons, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Charles Beardmore.

Invitations have been sent out for the marriage of Miss Annie Gertrude Ogden, Toronto, to Mr. Maurice

Lloyd Parry of Dunnville, Ontario, to take place Tuesday, June 12th, at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. M. I. Leadlay, 38 North Sherbourne street, Rosedale.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Maitland Shadbolt of the Bank of Montreal staff at Cornwall and Miss Beatrice Mary Atkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Atkinson, has been arranged to take place on Tuesday, June 5th, at the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, at three o'clock.

The Parkdale Travel Club has become a most thriving and interesting association, and is to join with the Rosedale Club to-day in a picnic to Bond Lake. The newly-elected president of the former is Mrs. Harold Van der Linde, the vice-presidents, Mrs. Sproule Smith, Mrs. J. T. Gilmour, Mrs. McCausland.

There was a time when Saturday was considered an unlucky day for a wedding, but the superstition seems to have fled, and several of the weddings of this month in which Torontonians are widely interested have been arranged for the seventh day of the week.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Heaven of Bloor street west gave a tea in honor of her guest, Mrs. Moses of New York.

His Excellency the Governor-General is to spend to-day in London the Less, returning to-night to Toronto.

Miss De Salaberry of Quebec and Miss Amy McLimont of Montreal are at Mrs. Helliwell's, 74 St. George street.

Mrs. W. J. Douglas and Miss Amy Douglas returned from California early in the week, after an absence of several months.

A Toronto man who returned from Southern California last week was heard to complain that everyone seemed to expect him to tell about his earthquake experience, although he was hundreds of miles away from San Francisco at the time of the seismic sensation, and personally was far from feeling disturbed.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. MacArthur to the marriage of her daughter, Mary Edith, to Mr. William Lorimer S. McGivern, on Tuesday, June 19th, at half-past two o'clock in St. Andrew's church. A reception will be held afterwards at 119 St. George street.

The officers and members of the Argonaut Rowing Club are to tender the ladies and gentlemen who were in the cast of *H. M. S. Pinafore*, given under the auspices of this club in the Princess Theater during the last week of March, a complimentary dance at the club-house on Thursday evening, June 7th. The spring At Home and Regatta of the Argonaut Rowing Club will be held on Saturday, June 9th. This is a dance that is always looked forward to and has been one of the social events now for a great many years. The Argonauts always succeed when "at home" in giving their guests the best of dances, and good wishes will follow the crew that goes abroad this summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss A. Ross Graham, adopted daughter of Mr. Nicholas Graham of H. M. Customs, to Dr. Alex. R. Jordan of this city. The wedding will take place the latter part of June.

A short cantata with dances, *Old May Day*, was sung in the Assembly Hall of the Bishop Strachan School last Thursday evening, the proceeds being devoted to the Church Home for the Aged.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood have been at Quebec for a visit, stopping at the Chateau Frontenac. They have returned to Toronto.

Mr. George D. Perry and family of Rosedale have moved to 286 Lake Shore avenue, Center Island, for the summer.

Mr. Ernest Fair and his mother and sister have settled in Virginia Cottage, Santa Monica, Los Angeles, California, since the racy doings of subterranean forces. They are enchanted with their quarters and Mr. Fair is doing well in business.

Mrs. Caldwell of Nova Scotia has been paying a little visit in town, and Mrs. Salter Jarvis, among others, entertained at tea in her honor.

Mr. W. C. Muir of New York went to Port Dalhousie to finish his holidays and returns home next week.

Lady Kirkpatrick has been out of town for a few days, but returns to "Closeburn" next week.

Lord and Lady Templeton left Toronto for Ottawa on Wednesday, having given a charming impression of a type of England's aristocracy we do not see as often as we should like, out here. They are making a little visit with Senator and Mrs. Edwards, and will go to Montreal for a time before sailing with Mr. Grant Morden for England this month. On Tuesday they had a most delightful trip to Niagara Falls, leaving Toronto in the morning accompanied by Lady Mulock, Mr. Mulock (a cousin of Sir William's), Mrs. Morden, and Mr. Muir. At the Falls Sir Henry Pellatt's private car awaited the party, who enjoyed immensely the trip under the Falls and through the tunnels. Fortunately it was an ideal day for such an expedition, and the visitors found our Niagara district looking its fairest.

Last night in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School, Miss Madeline O'Brien and Master Davidson Ketchum, pupils of Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, gave a musical soiree which proved highly enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson of "Fernwood," Todmorden, have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter Flora to Mr. Thomas Moore on Saturday afternoon, June 16th, at two-thirty o'clock. The bride-elect, a charming and accomplished girl, has a host of friends who are very glad that she is not leaving Toronto. "Fernwood" is one of the most picturesque of our suburban residences, and there will be the prettiest surroundings for a "home" wedding.

Mrs. A. M. Groom of Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, has just returned after spending the winter in Detroit as the guest of Mrs. S. M. Alexander, late of Sarnia.

Miss McCabe of Varsity has returned to Hamilton to spend the vacation with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. McCabe, at their summer home, Burlington Beach.



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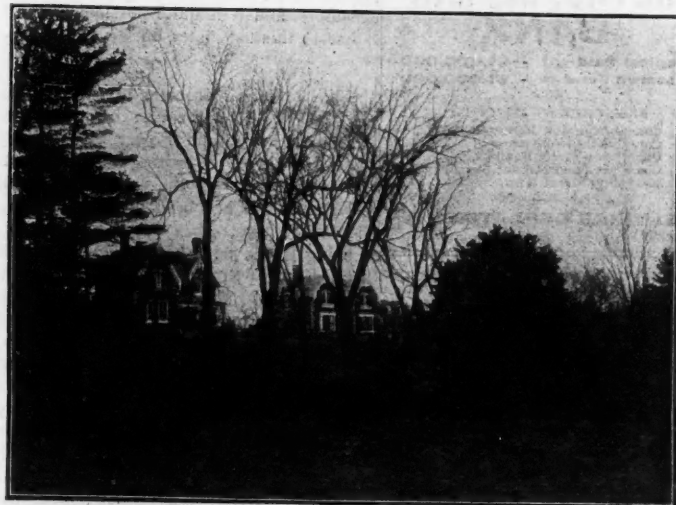
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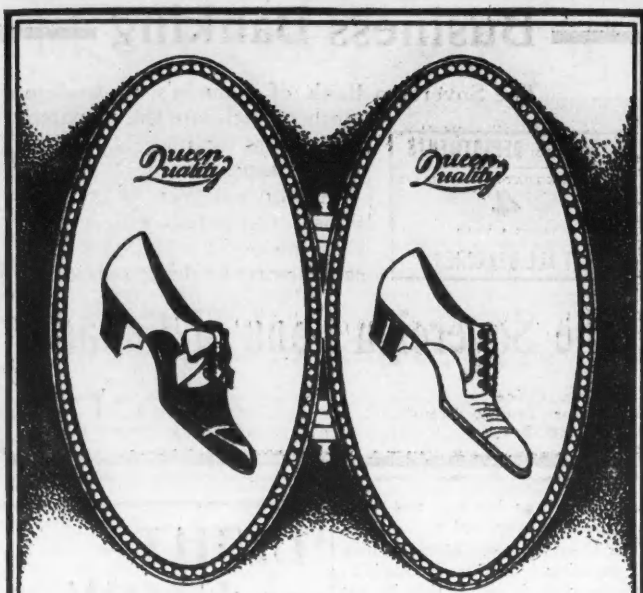
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## Social and Personal

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt gave a very charming dinner at their home in Sherbourne street, on Monday evening, in honor of Viscount and Viscountess Templetown.

Mrs. G. H. Burnham of Bloor street east gave a pretty tea to a number of her friends on Friday of last week.

The weather man was in a sulky mood on Wednesday afternoon, so the Vice-regal garden party at "Glen Stewart" was not blessed with the blue skies and balmy air that made Victoria Day delightful. But the gloomy conditions failed to keep the guests from attendance at what proved a charming entertainment, and late in the afternoon the Woodbine began to be quietly deserted for picturesque "Glen Stewart," which affords just now a snowy view of acres of fragrant blossoms, with the wide, grey lake beyond. The whole house was thrown open, but in spite of threatening skies and spattering drops, the crowd preferred the lawns and shrubbery to festivity indoors. The band of the 48th Highlanders played as gayly as if there were the ardent air of June instead of a Novemberish chill, and refreshments were served from a large marquee, the table therein being ablaze with American Beauty roses and pink carnations. His Excellency and Lady Sibyl Grey received on the terrace in friendly, informal fashion, and the latter wore a rich gown of garnet velvet, with black picture hat, trimmed with white plumes and ospreys. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with the Misses Clark, Major Macdonald, and Mr. Douglas Young, were among the earliest arrivals. There was a surprising sprinkling of airy, light gowns, and several handsome velvet costumes more in keeping with atmospheric conditions. Smart motor coats were in evidence in gray, fawn, and black and white. Mrs. R. J. Christie wore a radiantly becoming gown of sapphire blue velvet, with wide Leghorn hat, trimmed with blue plumes. Mrs. McCuaig of Montreal wore a modish checked motor coat over a dainty white gown; Miss Estelle Holland was in pretty grey crepe de Chine, with black picture hat, trimmed with black and white feathers. Mrs. D. W. Alexander wore a summery green mouseline, with a white tulle hat, with white and green feathers, and white boa. Among those present were Premier and Mrs. Whitney, Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. D. W. Alexander, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet, Mrs. H. S. Strath, Mrs. W. K. George, Mr. B. E. Walker, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Cochrane, Mr. and Miss Flavell, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boswell, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Captain and Mrs. Bickford, Major Berger, Mrs. John Morrow, Mr. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Campbell Renton, the Misses Mackenzie, Mrs. J. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Miss Ina Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Osler, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Miss Patteson, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Mann, Miss Williams, Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Miss Sprague, Miss Louie Jones, Colonel Septimus Denison, Miss and Mr. Denison, Mrs. Fisk, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Miss Marjorie Machray, Mrs. Britton Francis, Captain McMillan, Miss Nadine Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Laverne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mr. Frith, Mr. Porter, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, Miss Augusta Hodgins, Mr. Humble, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, Mrs. Mulock, Miss Jean Fielding, Mrs. Horsey, Mrs. Bowlby, Mrs. Norman Seagram.

## Identified.

While a building was in process of construction two of the tilers became engaged in a violent quarrel. So violent was it that the police were called in and the offender taken before a magistrate. Both of the men were sober and industrious and good workmen; this according to the testimony of the foreman in charge of their work, who had followed in hopes of being able to intercede for them.

The magistrate asked, in astonishment, the cause of the quarrel. It seems that one man had accused the other of stealing his coat.

"And I can prove it, too," added the man.

"How?" said the magistrate.

"I always keep my card in the pocket," said the man.

The policemen were directed to search the garment, but they found absolutely nothing.

"Gimme my coat," said the workman. It was handed to him. He took two dried peas out of one of the pockets and held them up triumphantly. "P. P.—Peter Powell. That's me name. Them's my card."

He got his coat—"Harper's Magazine."

## To Patricia.

Patricia, I state here most clearly, I love you, and you, dear, alone; I love you sincerely and dearly; I would that you might be my own. My heart and my hand, dear, I prefer;

Ah, think me not bounder nor boor; I know I have not much to offer—I'm so poor!

Patricia, I long for your answer, I beg of you, soon let me know. Ah, would I had pen of romancer, My agonized yearning to show! There's something magnetic about you,

You've charmed me, you wonderful witch. I need you! I can't live without you!

## You're so rich!

—Town Topics.

## Mike's Good Reason.

One of the ablest and best known surgeons of Western New York, on undoing a bandage one day found to his surprise that he had securely fastened it to the patient's skin.

"Well, Mike," said he, "why in the world didn't you cry out when I ran that pin into you?"

"Indade, sor," said Mike, "and I supposed you understood your business."—"Lippincott's."

## Very New Avocation.

It is a great pity some one does not add to the avocations of the present day by starting as a Professor of Personal Appearance, and for certain fees advise people how to attire themselves and set off their facial attractions to the best advantage. There are but few have the gift of seeing themselves as others see them.—"Graphic."

"You say your wife can't throw straight?"

"Yes."

"Then how did she come to hit you?"

"I dodged!"

in Old St. Andrew's church, Toronto, when Miss Minnie M. V. Smith, daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Smith, recent pastor of Old St. Andrew's church, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was married to Dr. W. Edgar Robertson, son of Dr. David and Mrs. Robertson of Milton, registrar of the County of Haldimand. The Rev. Dr. Milligan performed the ceremony, the bride being given away by her father. Dr. Jeffers played the Wedding March.

The bridal procession was led by three little flower girls, the Misses Eleanor Hazelwood, Neta Higginbotham, and Myrtle McCannell, all prettily dressed in white silk, and carrying baskets of white peas. The bride's two sisters, Miss Chelita and Miss Myrtle B. Smith, acted as maid of honor and bridesmaid. The former was gowned in pale blue flowered mouseline de soie, with pretty lingerie hat, trimmed with blue roses; and the latter in the same, flowered with pink roses, and lingerie hat wreathed with white flowers. They carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride, whose handsome gown was of white Liberty silk, en train, trimmed with chiffon point d'esprit, wore a wreath of orange blossoms and white heather under her long tulle veil, and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley. About fifty relatives and intimate friends attended the wedding and reception held in the home of the bride's parents, at the corner of Church and Gloucester streets, where Mrs. Smith received in a costume of champagne voile, and a pretty hat of the same color, trimmed with Marshal Niel roses and black velvet. A pretty feature of the wedding was the fact that both church and house were profusely decorated with flowers from the Manse, the former home of the bride, Niagara-on-the-Lake, and from warm friends in that place. Dr. and Mrs. Robertson left at five o'clock for New York and Philadelphia, the bride travelling in a smartly-tailored suit of grey, with blue broadcloth trimmings and a hat of pale blue mohair and maline, with pink and blue roses. In September next Dr. and Mrs. Robertson leave for Heng Chow, China, where Dr. Robertson takes charge of a Presbyterian hospital.

The marriage of Miss Ida Homer Dixon to Major Berger, which will take place at St. George's church at three o'clock on June 6th, is to be very quietly celebrated, almost every guest being a relative or connection. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. D. Dixon of Philadelphia are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at "The Grange." Major-General Berger, who will attend his son's wedding, is a guest at the Queen's Hotel.

## The Ben Greet Engagement.

There is no more delightful form of dramatic entertainment than the presentation of Shakespeare's comedies out-of-doors, amid surroundings attuned to the scenes of the plays, and native to the wood notes of the great bard. In the afternoon, the trees, foliage, and green sward, glistening underneath the rays of the June sun, in the evening the beautiful effects of the limelight on the leaves and costumes are each in their different way most attractive. The pastoral play was introduced to Canada three years ago by Mr. Ben Greet, with the most marked success. Mr. Greet has given more than two thousand open-air per-



BEN GREET.

formances in Great Britain and America, and is undoubtedly the master of this charming form of entertainment. A thorough lover of true art, and a masterly producer, he is himself a most admirable actor. His company is composed of the artists who gave the fine productions of Shakespeare in the Elizabethan fashion in Massey Hall last winter.

The programme at Toronto University will be as follows: Wednesday, June 6th, afternoon, "As You Like It;" evening, "Tempest;" Thursday, June 7th, afternoon, "Comedy of Errors;" evening, "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Saturday, June 9th, afternoon, "Twelfth Night;" evening, "Much Ado About Nothing."

## A Predicament.

James E. Hurley, general manager of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, says this is the best story he ever heard on a railroad man:

A man in a country town went crazy on hypnotism. He imagined he was the greatest hypnotist on earth. He was a powerful fellow, and the officers knew that he would put up a hard fight. He knew they were taking him

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to an asylum. So they evolved a scheme. They told him that there were some people in the asylum who would unravel a thrilling story if they were hypnotized, and wanted him to do the job. He consented. The officers boarded the train with him, bound for the asylum. When the conductor came along the crazy man began telling of his own hypnotic powers. The conductor didn't believe him. "I'll just hypnotize you to prove it," said the man.

"Fire away," said the conductor.

The man made several passes with his hands in front of the conductor's face, and said: "You are hypnotized."

In order to pacify the man the conductor said he was.

"You are a railroad conductor," went on the hypnotist.

"Right again," said the conductor.

"You don't smoke, chew, drink, or swear at passengers?"

"Nope."

"You are honest, turn in all tickets and money you collect from passengers. In fact, you do not steal a cent."

"That's right," said the conductor.

"What a fix you would be in if I left you in this condition," drawled the hypnotist.—Exchange.

## An Echo Alarm Clock.

President Murphy of the Chicago National League Club told at a baseball dinner a remarkable echo story, according to an exchange.

"There was a man," he began, "who had a country house in the Catskills. He was showing a visitor over his grounds one day and, coming to a lilly place, he said:

"There's a remarkable echo here. If you stand under that rock and shout, the echo answers four distinct times, with an interval of several minutes between each answer."

"But the visitor was not at all impressed. He said, with a loud laugh: "You ought to hear the echo at my place in Sunapee. Before getting into bed at night I stick my head out of the window and shout, "Time to get up, William!" and the echo wakes me at seven o'clock sharp the next morning."

## Equilibrium.

Among the members of a fashionable country club near Cincinnati is a diminutive young man whose earnest ambition it is "to follow the hounds." Unfortunately, however, the midget is incapable of retaining his mount. Soon after the start he invariably loses his seat, and, of course, his fun is over for the day. Despite this tendency to topple off, the diminutive one sticks to the sport at the risk of his neck.

One day, during a conversation between several members of the club, among whom was Nicholas Longworth, someone referred to the distressing habit of the small person. With a smile of affected sadness, Longworth observed:

"There's not the least hope for that chap. He would fall off his horse if he were a centaur!"

## Question for Question.

The gentleman in the street gazed up at the high scaffolding and hailed the builder, whom he could just perceive at the top:

"Good morning, sir!" he cried.

"Have you a moment to spare?"

"Well, I don't know," said the builder; "I'm very busy."

"Oh, but I want to see you very particularly. I have a most important question to ask you."

So the builder climbed down the ladder.

"I want to ask you," said the individual, producing his card, "if your life is insured?"

"And I," exclaimed the builder, as he threw off his coat and doubled up his fists—"I want to ask you if your life is insured!"

And then, but not till then, the life insurance agent fled.—Answers.

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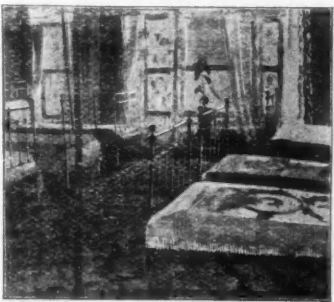
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Are  
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## Social and Personal

NOT the least attractive feature of the Toronto Press Club's theater nights at Shea's, June 8th and 9th, is a novel souvenir programme which promises to divide interest with the play itself. In this programme are contributions in prose, verse, and drawings, by prominent newspaper men and cartoonists of the Toronto press. Another piece of enterprise has been the engaging of a picked orchestra under Mr. Frederick Nicolai, which will play a programme of musical worth, including the overture to Massenet's opera of *Manon Lescault*, a selection never before given in Toronto. The play, *Liberty Hall*, is a standard drama in the old land. It is written in R. C. Carton's happiest mood and is a refreshing contrast to the tailor-made drama. *Liberty Hall* savors of much that is loveliest in human character and nature, and in its quaintness of atmosphere is like a page from Dickens. The cast has been happily chosen. Mr. R. S. Pigott has been secured for the leading role of Mr. Owen, which affords him excellent acting opportunities. Douglas A. Paterson, under whose direction the play is produced, assumes the part of William Todman "bookseller and circulating librarian, Bloomsbury, London." The remaining roles are played by Mrs. Ethel Van Valkenburg, Miss Mabel Dalby, Miss Gertrude Tewsley, Miss Isabel Watson, J. Edgar Middleton, Frank M. Kennedy, J. Harry Smith, Joseph Hay, Guy Mitchell, and Allan Green. The sale of seats for *Liberty Hall* opens at Shea's on Monday. With such management and cast success is assured and *Liberty Hall* will be played to a crowded house.

The State dinner given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark last Saturday night in honor of His Excellency the Governor-General was the crowning event in a week of brilliant entertaining. The table in the ball-room was beautifully decorated with maidenhair fern in vases of silver, and fragrant clusters of daisies, mignonette, roses, and lily of the valley. Silver candelabra with rose-shaded lights shed a soft radiance on the picturesque scene. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a handsome gown of pale blue satin with diamonds. Lady Sibyl Grey was also in blue satin of a somewhat darker shade and wore a coronet of gold leaves. Among the sixty guests were: Lord and Lady Templetown, Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Whitney, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mr. E. B. Osler, Mr. Seagram, Mr. G. A. Reid and Mrs. Reid, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Miss Howard, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar of "Dunedin," Hamilton, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. Alec Mackenzie, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. Leveson-Gower, Mr. and Mrs. Sladen, Dr. Andrew Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allan, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Dr. and Mrs. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henderson, Captain and Mrs. R. N. Burns, Captain Trotter, A.D.C., Mr. A. S. Post, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. G. W. Torrance, Captain J. Fraser Macdonald.

Mrs. Norman Guthrie of Ottawa, who has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Scott, left town last Wednesday for a visit in Guelph.

Monday was a bright day at the Woodbine, and the feminine attendance was unusually large, while the interest taken in the races was more than ordinarily keen, many fair spectators finding themselves the richer at the close of the day. Mrs. Gwyn Francis, in a smart costume of white serge with white, rose-trimmed hat was welcomed by many friends. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a handsome, embroidered green gown with green toque, and Miss Melvin-Jones a modish tan suit with blue boa and hat trimmed with blue tulle. White appeared to be the favorite color, one of the handsomest costumes being worn by Mrs. McCuaig of Montreal. Blue gowns were also in favor, and Mrs. Barnard's gown and hat of turquoise blue were exceedingly dainty. A pretty gown of pale blue cloth and hat of blue straw, trimmed with pale blue wings, were worn by Mrs. J. Hunter Bonar of Melbourne, Australia, who, with her Scottish husband, was an interested spectator during most of the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, who have been at the King Edward for a fortnight, left for Montreal on Wednesday. A Mexican visitor, Mrs. Ham, wore an exceedingly delicate, embroidered gown of grey cloth, with hat trimmed with roses. It seemed as if the enforced quiet of Saturday had given occasion for an unusually bright and well-gowned Monday crowd. One of the visitors was heard deploring the mishap that befell a luckless jockey. But such accidents, pitiful as they are, seem inevitable whenever there is "a famous vic-tor-ee."

Miss Aimee Falconbridge has returned from a visit to Syracuse, and was one of the daintily-gowned girls at the Woodbine last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of the Alexandra are home again after spending several months in Southern California.

Mrs. Charles Harriss is to spend the summer in England. Dr. and Mrs. Garratt and Miss Norah Sullivan are sailing to-day from Montreal for England.

Tuesday was the occasion of two delightful entertainments in honor of Lady Sibyl Grey and Miss Howard. They attended a luncheon given by Mrs. Melvin-Jones at "Llawhaden," twenty-four guests having been invited. The table was daintily decorated with sweet peas and lily of the valley, their fragrance being essentially of the coming summer. The guests included Miss Mortimer Clark, Madame Armand Lavergne of Montreal (who is visiting Mrs. Melvin-Jones this week), Miss Ina Matthews, Miss Maud Begg, Miss Blackstock, Miss Maud Williams, Miss Jean Alexander, Miss Kerr, Miss Nadine Kerr, Miss Kathleen Gordon, Miss Nordheimer, Miss Pearl Macdonald, Miss Adele Austin, Miss Ethel Mackenzie, Miss Kathleen Mackenzie, Miss Josephine Brouse, Miss Erie Temple, Miss Codrington, Miss Langmuir, Miss Somerville. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Beardmore was the hostess of a dinner dance at her home in College street in honor of Lady Sibyl Grey. The dinner guests included Miss Howard, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, Mr. Leveson-Gower, Major Macdonald, Dr. Parsons, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Charles Beardmore.

Invitations have been sent out for the marriage of Miss Annie Gertrude Ogden, Toronto, to Mr. Maurice

Lloyd Parry of Dunnville, Ontario, to take place Tuesday, June 12th, at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. M. I. Leadlay, 38 North Sherbourne street, Rosedale.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Maitland Shadbolt of the Bank of Montreal staff at Cornwall and Miss Beatrice Mary Atkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Atkinson, has been arranged to take place on Tuesday, June 5th, at the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, at three o'clock.

The Parkdale Travel Club has become a most thriving and interesting association, and is to join with the Rosedale Club to-day in a picnic to Bond Lake. The newly-elected president of the former is Mrs. Harold Van der Linde, the vice-presidents, Mrs. Sproule Smith, Mrs. J. T. Gilmour, Mrs. McCausland.

There was a time when Saturday was considered an unlucky day for a wedding, but the superstition seems to have fled, and several of the weddings of this month in which Torontonians are widely interested have been arranged for the seventh day of the week.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Heaven of Bloor street west gave a tea in honor of her guest, Mrs. Moses of New York.

His Excellency the Governor-General is to spend to-day in London the Less, returning to-night to Toronto.

Miss De Salaberry of Quebec and Miss Amy McLimont of Montreal are at Mrs. Helliwell's, 74 St. George street.

Mrs. W. J. Douglas and Miss Amy Douglas returned from California early in the week, after an absence of several months.

A Toronto man who returned from Southern California last week was heard to complain that everyone seemed to expect him to tell about his earthquake experience, although he was hundreds of miles away from San Francisco at the time of the seismic sensation, and personally was far from feeling disturbed.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. MacArthur to the marriage of her daughter, Mary Edith, to Mr. William Lorimer S. McGivern, on Tuesday, June 19th, at half-past two o'clock in St. Andrew's church. A reception will be held afterwards at 119 St. George street.

The officers and members of the Argonaut Rowing Club are to tender the ladies and gentlemen who were in the cast of *H. M. S. Pinafore*, given under the auspices of this club in the Princess Theater during the last week of March, a complimentary dance at the club-house on Thursday evening, June 7th. The spring At Home and Regatta of the Argonaut Rowing Club will be held on Saturday, June 9th. This is a dance that is always looked forward to and has been one of the social events now for a great many years. The Argonauts always succeed when "at home" in giving their guests the best of dances, and good wishes will follow the crew that goes abroad this summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss A. Ross Graham, adopted daughter of Mr. Nicholas Graham of H. M. Customs, to Dr. Alex. R. Jordan of this city. The wedding will take place the latter part of June.

A short cantata with dances, *Old May Day*, was sung in the Assembly Hall of the Bishop Strachan School last Thursday evening, the proceeds being devoted to the Church Home for the Aged.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood have been at Quebec for a visit, stopping at the Chateau Frontenac. They have returned to Toronto.

Mr. George D. Perry and family of Rosedale have moved to 286 Lake Shore avenue, Center Island, for the summer.

Mr. Ernest Fair and his mother and sister have settled in Virginia Cottage, Santa Monica, Los Angeles, California, since the racy doings of subterranean forces. They are enchanted with their quarters and Mr. Fair is doing well in business.

Mrs. Caldwell of Nova Scotia has been paying a little visit in town, and Mrs. Salter Jarvis, among others, entertained at tea in her honor.

Mr. W. C. Muir of New York went to Port Dalhousie to finish his holidays and returns home next week.

Lady Kirkpatrick has been out of town for a few days, but returns to "Closeburn" next week.

Lord and Lady Templetown left Toronto for Ottawa on Wednesday, having given a charming impression of a type of England's aristocracy we do not see as often as we should like, out here. They are making a little visit with Senator and Mrs. Edwards, and will go to Montreal for a time before sailing with Mr. Grant Morden for England this month. On Tuesday they had a most delightful trip to Niagara Falls, leaving Toronto in the morning accompanied by Lady Mulock, Mr. Mulock (a cousin of Sir William's), Mrs. Morden, and Mr. Muir. At the Falls Sir Henry Pellatt's private car awaited the party, who enjoyed immensely the trip under the Falls and through the tunnels. Fortunately it was an ideal day for such an expedition, and the visitors found our Niagara district looking its fairest.

Last night in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School, Miss Madeline O'Brien and Master Davidson Ketchum, pupils of Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, gave a musical soiree which proved highly enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson of "Fernwood," Todmorden, have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter Flora to Mr. Thomas Moore on Saturday afternoon, June 16th, at two-thirty o'clock. The bride-elect, a charming and accomplished girl, has a host of friends who are very glad that she is not leaving Toronto. "Fernwood" is one of the most picturesque of our suburban residences, and there will be the prettiest surroundings for a "home" wedding.

Mrs. A. M. Groom of Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, has just returned after spending the winter in Detroit as the guest of Mrs. S. M. Alexander, late of Sarnia.

Miss McCabe of Varsity has returned to Hamilton to spend the vacation with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. McCabe, at their summer home, Burlington Beach.



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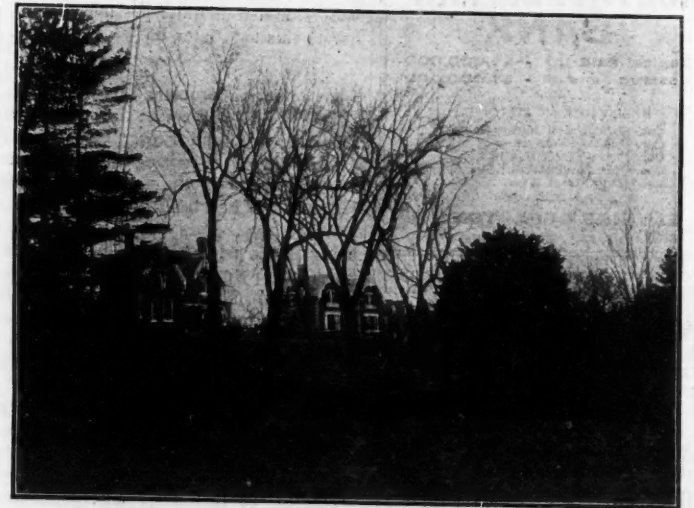
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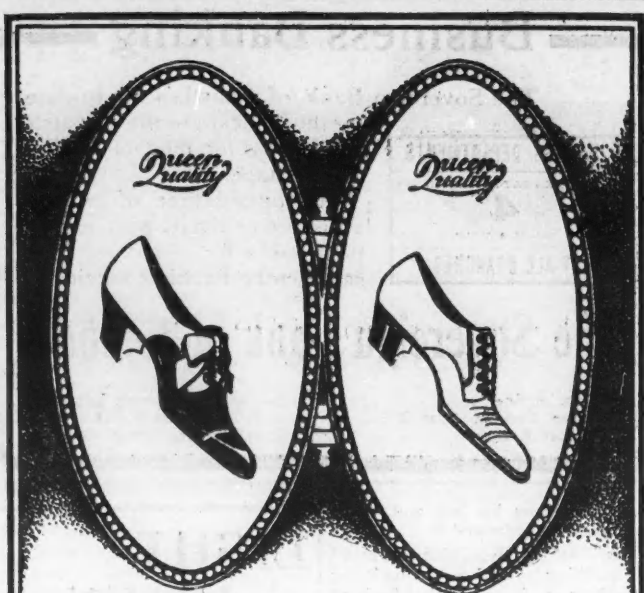
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## Social and Personal

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt gave a very charming dinner at their home in Sherbourne street, on Monday evening, in honor of Viscount and Viscountess Templetown.

Mrs. G. H. Burnham of Bloor street east gave a pretty tea to a number of her friends on Friday of last week.

The weather man was in a sulky mood on Wednesday afternoon, so the Vice-regal garden party at "Glen Stewart" was not blessed with the blue skies and balmy air that made Victoria Day delightful. But the gloomy conditions failed to keep the guests from attendance at what proved a charming entertainment, and late in the afternoon the Woodbine began to be quietly deserted for picturesque "Glen Stewart," which affords just now a snowy view of acres of fragrant blossoms, with the wide, grey lake beyond. The whole house was thrown open, but in spite of threatening skies and spattering drops, the crowd preferred the lawns and shrubbery to festivity indoors. The band of the 48th Highlanders played as gayly as if there were the ardent air of June instead of a Novemberish chill, and refreshments were served from a large marquee, the table therein being ablaze with American Beauty roses and pink carnations. His Excellency and Lady Sibyl Grey received on the terrace in friendly, informal fashion, and the latter wore a rich gown of garnet velvet, with black picture hat, trimmed with white plumes and ospreys. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with the Misses Clark, Major Macdonald, and Mr. Douglas Young, were among the earliest arrivals. There was a surprising sprinkling of airy, light gowns, and several handsome velvet costumes more in keeping with atmospheric conditions. Smart motor coats were in evidence in gray, fawn, and black and white. Mrs. R. J. Christie wore a radiantly becoming gown of sapphire blue velvet, with wide Leghorn hat, trimmed with blue plumes. Mrs. McCuaig of Montreal wore a modish checked motor coat over a dainty white gown; Miss Estelle Holland was in pretty grey crêpe de Chine, with black picture hat, trimmed with black and white feathers. Mrs. D. W. Alexander wore a summery green mouseline, with a white tulle hat, with white and green feathers, and white boa. Among those present were Premier and Mrs. Whitney, Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. D. W. Alexander, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van-Koughnet, Mrs. H. S. Strath, Mrs. W. K. George, Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Cochrane, Mr. and Miss Flavell, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boswell, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Captain and Mrs. Bickford, Major Berger, Mrs. John Morrow, Mr. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Campbell Renton, the Misses Mackenzie, Mrs. J. R. Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Miss Ina Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Osler, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Miss Pateson, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Mann, Miss Williams, Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Miss Sprague, Miss Louie Jones, Colonel Septimus Denison, Miss and Mr. Denison, Mrs. Fisk, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Miss Marjorie Machray, Mrs. Britton Francis, Captain McMillan, Miss Nadine Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Laverne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mr. Frith, Mr. Porter, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, Miss Augusta Hodgins, Mr. Humble, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, Mrs. Mulock, Miss Jean Fielding, Mrs. Horsey, Mrs. Bowlby, Mrs. Norman Seagram.

Identified.

While a building was in process of construction two of the tilers became engaged in a violent quarrel. So violent was it that the police were called in and the offender taken before a magistrate. Both of the men were sober and industrious and good workmen; this according to the testimony of the foreman in charge of their work, who had followed in hopes of being able to intercede for them.

The magistrate asked, in astonishment, the cause of the quarrel. It seems that one man had accused the other of stealing his coat.

"And I can prove it, too," added the man.

"How?" said the magistrate.

"I always keep my card in the pocket," said the man.

The policemen were directed to search the garment, but they found absolutely nothing.

"Gimme my coat," said the workman. It was handed to him. He took two dried peas out of one of the pockets and held them up triumphantly. "P. P.—Peter Powell. That's me name. Them's my card."

He got his coat—"Harper's Magazine."

To Patricia.

Patricia, I state here most clearly,  
I love you, and you, dear, alone;  
I love you sincerely and dearly;  
I would that you might be my own.  
My heart and my hand, dear, I proffer;

Ah, think me not bounder nor boor;  
I know I have not much to offer—  
I'm so poor!

Patricia, I long for your answer,  
I beg of you, soon let me know.  
Ah, would I had pen of romancer,  
My agonized yearning to show!  
There's something magnetic about  
you,

You've charmed me, you wonderful  
witch.

I need you! I can't live without  
you!

You're so rich!

—Town Topics.

Mike's Good Reason.

One of the ablest and best known  
surgeons of Western New York, on  
undoing a bandage one day found to  
his surprise that he had securely fast-  
ened it to the patient's skin.

"Well, Mike," said he, "why in the  
world didn't you cry out when I ran  
that pin into you?"

"Indade, sor," said Mike, "and I  
supposed you understood your busi-  
ness."—Lippincott's.

Very New Avocation.

It is a great pity some one does not  
add to the avocations of the present  
day by starting as a Professor of  
Personal Appearance, and for certain  
fees advise people how to attire them-  
selves and set off their facial attrac-  
tions to the best advantage. There  
are but few have the gift of seeing  
themselves as others see them.—  
"Graphic."

"You say your wife can't throw  
straight?"

"Yes."

"Then how did she come to hit  
you?"

"I dodged!"

in Old St. Andrew's church, Toronto, when Miss Minnie M. V. Smith, daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Smith, recent pastor of Old St. Andrew's church, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was married to Dr. W. Edgar Robertson, son of Dr. David and Mrs. Robertson of Milton, registrar of the County of Haldimand. The Rev. Dr. Milligan performed the ceremony, the bride being given away by her father. Dr. Jeffers played the Wedding March. The bridal procession was led by three little flower girls, the Misses Eleanor Hazelwood, Neta Higginbotham, and Myrtle McCannell, all prettily dressed in white silk, and carrying baskets of white peas. The bride's two sisters, Miss Chelma and Miss Myrtle B. Smith, acted as maid of honor and bridesmaid. The former was gown in pale blue flowered mouseline de soie, with pretty lingerie hat, trimmed with blue roses; and the latter in the same, flowered with pink roses, and lingerie hat wreathed with white flowers. They carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride, whose handsome gown was of white Liberty silk, en train, trimmed with chiffon point d'esprit, wore a wreath of orange blossoms and white heather under her long tulle veil, and carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses and lilies of the valley. About fifty relatives and intimate friends attended the wedding and reception held in the home of the bride's parents, at the corner of Church and Gloucester streets, where Mrs. Smith received in a costume of champagne voile, and a pretty hat of the same color, trimmed with Marshal Niel roses and black velvet. A pretty feature of the wedding was the fact that both church and house were profusely decorated with flowers from the Manse, the former home of the bride, Niagara-on-the-Lake, and from warm friends in that place. Dr. and Mrs. Robertson left at five o'clock for New York and Philadelphia, the bride travelling in a smartly-tailored suit of grey, with blue broadcloth trimmings and a hat of pale blue mohair and maline, with pink and blue roses. In September next Dr. and Mrs. Robertson leave for Heng Chow, China, where Dr. Robertson takes charge of a Presbyterian hospital.

The marriage of Miss Ida Homer Dixon to Major Berger, which will take place at St. George's church at three o'clock on June 6th, is to be very quietly celebrated, almost every guest being a relative or connection. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. D. Dixon of Philadelphia are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at "The Grange." Major-General Berger, who will attend his son's wedding, is a guest at the Queen's Hotel.

The Ben Greet Engagement.

There is no more delightful form of dramatic entertainment than the presentation of Shakespeare's comedies out-of-doors, amid surroundings attuned to the scenes of the plays, and native to the wood notes of the great bard. In the afternoon, the trees, foliage, and green sward, glistening underneath the rays of the June sun, in the evening the beautiful effects of the limelight on the leaves and costumes are each in their different way most attractive. The pastoral play was introduced to Canada three years ago by Mr. Ben Greet, with the most marked success. Mr. Greet has given more than two thousand open-air per-



BEN GREET.

formances in Great Britain and America, and is undoubtedly the master of this charming form of entertainment. A thorough lover of true art, and a masterly producer, he is himself a most admirable actor. His company is composed of the artists who gave the fine productions of Shakespeare in the Elizabethan fashion in Massey Hall last winter.

The programme at Toronto University will be as follows: Wednesday, June 6th, afternoon, "As You Like It," evening, "Tempest." Thursday, June 7th, afternoon, "Comedy of Errors," evening, "Midsummer Night's Dream." Saturday, June 9th, afternoon, "Twelfth Night," evening, "Much Ado About Nothing."

A Predicament.

James E. Hurley, general manager of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, says this is the best story he ever heard on a railroad man:

A man in a country town went crazy on hypnotism. He imagined he was the greatest hypnotist on earth. He was a powerful fellow, and the officers knew that he would put up a hard fight. He knew they were taking him

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to an asylum. So they evolved a scheme. They told him that there were some people in the asylum who would unravel a thrilling story if they were hypnotized, and wanted him to do the job. He consented. The officers boarded the train with him, bound for the asylum. When the conductor came along the crazy man began telling of his own hypnotic powers. The conductor didn't believe him. "I'll just hypnotize you to prove it," said the man.

"Fire away," said the conductor.

The man made several passes with his hands in front of the conductor's face, and said: "You are hypnotized."

In order to pacify the man the conductor said he was.

"You are a railroad conductor," went on the hypnotist.

"Right again," said the conductor.

"You don't smoke, chew, drink, or swear at passengers?"

"Nope."

"You are honest, turn in all tickets and money you collect from passengers. In fact, you do not steal a cent."

"That's right," said the conductor.

"What a fix you would be in if I left you in this condition," drawled the hypnotist.—Exchange.

An Echo Alarm Clock.

President Murphy of the Chicago National League Club told at a baseball dinner a remarkable echo story, according to an exchange.

"There was a man," he began, "who had a country house in the Catskills. He was showing a visitor over his grounds one day and, coming to a hilly place, he said:

"There's a remarkable echo here. If you stand under that rock and shout, the echo answers four distinct times, with an interval of several minutes between each answer."

"But the visitor was not at all impressed. He said, with a loud laugh: 'You ought to hear the echo at my place in Sunapee. Before getting into bed at night I stick my head out of the window and shout, 'Time to get up, William!' and the echo wakes me at seven o'clock sharp the next morning."

Equilibrium.

Among the members of a fashionable country club near Cincinnati is a diminutive young man whose earnest ambition it is "to follow the hounds." Unfortunately, however, the midget is incapable of retaining his mount. Soon after the start he invariably loses his seat, and, of course, his fun is over for the day. Despite this tendency to topple off, the diminutive one sticks to the sport at the risk of his neck.

One day, during a conversation between several members of the club, among whom was Nicholas Longworth, someone referred to the distressing habit of the small person. With a smile of affected sadness, Longworth observed:

"There's not the least hope for that chap. He would fall off his horse if he were a centaur!"

Question for Question.

The gentleman in the street gazed up at the high scaffolding and hailed the builder, whom he could just perceive at the top:

"Good morning, sir!" he cried. "Have you a moment to spare?"

"Well, I don't know," said the builder; "I'm very busy."

"Oh, but I want to see you very particularly. I have a most important question to ask you."

So the builder climbed down the ladder.

"I want to ask you," said the individual, producing his card, "if your life is insured?"

"And I," exclaimed the builder, as he threw off his coat and doubled up his fists—"I want to ask you if your life is insured!"

And then, but not till then, the life insurance agent fled.—Answers.

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# Athletics

WITH the finish of the last race to-day the Woodbine spring meeting will be a thing of the past. The horses will be shipped to some other track, the great army of turf followers will move on like a travelling show, or, as some would say, a plague of locusts, the betting-ring will be dismantled, and all the gilded pomp and trappings of a gala fortnight will become nothing but a memory. During the long summer months the great stands and enclosures will remain "like some banquet hall deserted." The long mile-course, spangled with gaily decorated furlong posts, on which the horses' hoofs have beaten a solemn dirge or an exultant pean, according to the mood of the spectator, will now be nothing more than a narrow strip of brown earth, breathed over by the winds of Lake Ontario. The riot of a season of saturnalia gives place to a silence like the gloom of a cemetery. To some it will seem like the ceasing of exquisite music, to others a welcome respite from an abominable discord which disrupts the even tenor of our virtuous ways. A race-meet is neither discord nor harmony, bane nor blessing; neither better nor worse than the average trend of public morality.

There is an air of indescribable melancholy in the solitude that pervades any place which has once echoed the tumultuous murmurs of thronging life. A gray, ivy-mantled ruin is not more pathetic than a summer resort in winter or a deserted race-track. Some will say that the Woodbine in its festive attire, with gay throngs filling every nook from the paddock to the betting-ring, bespeaking frivolous amusements and sordid passions, is a far more melancholic and pathetic spectacle than when silent and deserted; as incongruous as a chaplet of roses on a skull or rouge on an old lady's cheeks. One can answer in all truth that its pathos or incongruity is nothing more than the pathos or incongruity of life, and that the collective gaiety or sadness of great crowds surpasses individual sadness or gaiety in degree, not in kind. It is far wiser to consider only the festive aspect of a race-meet without hunting around for the faults that pessimists love to unearth. As a form of public amusement the Woodbine is unsurpassed. It is an open-air fête, and has all the joyousness that great crowds in beautiful natural surroundings under bright skies inspire. Indoor amusements are tame in comparison. Then, too, it contains all the fascination of horse-racing, which is, not without reason, termed the sport of kings. Amusements and variety, and these horse-racing furnishes in the fullest measure. A determined attack on goal in hockey or lacrosse, a long run in football, or the tense moment in baseball when a hit means a game, are not more full of absorbing interest than a terrific drive of two horses neck-and-neck through the stretch, such as was seen when Minnie Adams beat Inferno in the Toronto Cup race on the 24th.

A race, boat-race, foot-race, or horse-race is, one might say without exaggeration, the most interesting of spectacles. In horse-races there is a far greater element of uncertainty. Horses are capricious and do not always run up to expectations. Surprises are continually occurring, and often the most expert handicapper is more unsuccessful than the lady who picks winners by running her hat-pin through her programme. A race would be as insipid as mid-winter strawberries if the result were known before hand. In fact, one might say that any race or contest is interesting according to its uncertainty. The public loves surprises; it likes to see champions overthrown and new victors emerge from obscurity, and delights far more in a political chameleon who displays every shade of political faith than in the dull statesman whose every move can be foreseen. Every form of human endeavor is an effort to ripen the fruits of the future before their time, and every form of amusement nothing but an effort to hasten the passage of time and relieve the monotony of the present. Hence comes that adage which is an universal creed, "Variety is the spice of life." Some amusements afford only a temporary relish, but horse-racing is a seasoning which never loses its piquant flavor. The routine of a race-track is monotonous; day after day the bookmakers call their odds, the crowds throng the betting-ring, the tip-sellers vociferate; the saddling bugle, the post bugle blows, and the horses parade to the barrier; a hundred and one different things are done at the same time and in precisely the same manner, but there is nothing monotonous about the racing. Variety, chance, and uncertainty reign every time the barrier goes up. Sometimes the favorite is left at the post and trails all the way; sometimes breaks in front and is never headed; sometimes a worthless sell-

ing-plater becomes valuable to his stable by defeating the best horses in the land; sometimes the race resolves itself into a duel, which is fought out with whip and spur past the winning-post; sometimes the entire field come down abreast like a squadron of cavalry, and raise the judge's art to the dignity of a science. In short, all the orderly routine and monotony of the race-track is nothing but a background which sets out in bold relief the dazzling variety of racing.

The Jockey Club officials would not fail to pronounce the meet an entire success. The public patronage has been exceedingly liberal. Even on rainy days the attendance has been surprisingly large, and on Opening Day and Empire Day the huge enclosures and stands were filled to their fullest capacity by crowds that could not have numbered less than twenty thousand people. The entry-lists in the various races were fairly large, and in many cases rendered the starter's task one of difficulty. Rarely did the most capacious racecourse have any fault to find with that official's work. It is not too much to say that seldom on any track has the starting been so uniformly good. Starting is the most important part of racing, and it is occasionally an almost superhuman task to send away a mass of plunging and kicking two-year-olds in perfect alignment. The starter made use of two styles of starting, the conservative standing start, and the more radical running start, which found much favor in New Orleans last winter, and his judgment in selecting the proper method was well-nigh infallible. The cards on the different days invariably produced excellent racing, but from a betting standpoint it was possible to object to the number of two-year-old races. Of course it is questionable whether this objection should carry any weight. The steeplechase races were rather more disastrous, than usual, and there were many accidents. One horse was killed and several jockeys were more or less seriously injured. This may have been due to the poor quality of the entries, and perhaps of the riders. Many of the horses were undoubtedly raw and unschooled, but it was not always the worst horses and the poorest riders who fell. Some of the accidents were due to reckless riding over the jumps. The jockeys took chances and jumped their horses at full speed. Even a good horse is likely to fall when, more or less tired by a long and difficult run, he goes over a fairly high hurdle without a slackening of pace. The fault of the accidents does not lie in the height of the jumps. None of the hurdles are too high for even a moderate jumper to clear without difficulty. It can be attributed to the fact that speed on the flat is an indispensable desideratum in steeplechases as they are at present run. In a race of two miles or under a rider cannot afford to lose ground by slackening his pace at the hurdles. He has to go full speed, and take his chances. A possible way to eliminate accidents would be to make steeplechases longer, leaving the jumps as they are in a long race a rider could take time in jumping—or to make the hurdles so low that a horse could clear them easily when going full speed, leaving the distance of the race unchanged. An unbiased critic cannot help but feel that some change in steeplechasing conditions is necessary. There is little doubt that the profession of a steeplechase jockey is fraught with constant danger to life and limb. It is the acme of heartlessness to be indifferent to the dangers of others, and one cannot help but hope that those in charge of the turf destinies in this country will endeavor to ameliorate the lot of the steeplechase jockey.

The visit to our city of two such noted American billiard experts as George Slosson and George Sutton is an event worthy of some comment. There is so little opportunity of witnessing first-class exhibitions of billiards except in large centers like London, Paris, or New York that it is surprising that there was not a larger attendance. George Sutton is an old Torontonian, and on his performances with the world's best billiardists has every claim to the title of world's champion at eighteen-inch balk-line billiards. His opponent comes not far short of him in knowledge of the game, and their thousand-point match last Friday and Saturday nights at the Labor Temple was a very interesting contest. Sutton won by 1,000 to 864, with an average of 22.8 to his opponent's 19.7. His high run was 146, and that of Slosson 91. Both players had marvellous control of the balls, and displayed the utmost skill in juggling them into position and nursing them for long runs. Even those uninitiated in the mysteries of masse, draw, and follow shots had little difficulty in appreciating the scientific precision of their play. Billiards is a game which is nothing if not scientific, and demands the utmost delicacy of touch and exactness of judgment. One feels sure that Slosson, Sutton, and other experts have not attained their skill without hard study and application, and though their pursuit may be a more or less trivial one, one feels for their triumphs the admiration that is due to all men who, by skill and industry, have won success.

ON THE HOME GREEN  
SITTING on the Golf Club verandah and watching the various pairs play the eighteenth hole, is, next to playing the hole yourself, the highest form of enjoyment. Nine times out of ten you can pick the winner of the match by observing the demeanor of the two men as they play the last hole. Men differ greatly in character, and have various ways of expressing victory or defeat in playing the last hole of a match. As a rule you can pick the loser with ease. From afar his walk, his whole manner is expressive of disgust. By way of contrast, observe the cheerful manner of his opponent. One walks with a fixed glare towards his ball after the drive; the other sociably hails or waves his hand to any player in sight, or to those on the verandah. The winner plays his approach shot, and steps up as if the ball had gone within an inch of the spot he had intended; the loser, although making quite as good a shot, swings his club indignantly in the air, and slams it into his bag as if it had betrayed him. They putt, the winner confidently, the loser carelessly—it is useless; all nature is against him.

We were sitting on the club verandah when Box and Cox were seen stepping up to the last tee.

"Box has the honor," said the lawyer.

"But that does not mean that he's winning," remarked the Colonel. "Observe their manner of driving, and that may give us some news of how the game has fared."

Box drove a fairly good ball, but somewhat to the left. Cox drove a similar ball, but a little to the right. "Nothing in that—no clue there," said the lawyer.

"No, except that Cox was the first to leave the tee," said the Colonel. "Box drove first, and you would expect him to get away first, but he didn't. That little evidence of eagerness on the part of Cox may mean that the game is his."

"I don't think so," said the lawyer. "Box steps out gaily. There's nothing weighing his spirits down." As the two players walked up the course together, Cox was seen to

draw a club from his bag and hand it to Box, who examined it. "That," said the Colonel, "may mean anything. If Cox is complaining of the club, it means that he has lost, but if he is asking Box to admire the club, it means that he has won." "Probably had some fluke shots with his mashie, and now claims it is the finest club he ever owned." The two men had separated, each to his ball. "Who's away?" asked Cox. "He wins," declared the Colonel. "He was first to leave the tee; he made conversation up the field by showing a club to his opponent; now he leaves it to Box to decide who's away." "But how do you account for the confident manner of Box?" demanded the lawyer. The Colonel looked at Box. He played a good second and walked to the green jauntily. "I don't know," he said, "unless it be that Cox is one up and Box counts on winning this hole and breaking even, while Cox isn't at all afraid of that." Both men had long putts for three; both missed and were down in four. Cox shook hands with Box. "I'll give you your revenge one of these days." "What did I tell you?" said the Colonel. He was right. It was a one-up win, the hardest of any to get a line on.

His Orders.  
"See here, you!" cried the cranky diner, who had been making numerous complaints, "no matter what I say to you it doesn't seem to stir you up at all." "No, sah," replied the waiter. "De boss tell me whenebah a gem'man talk laik dat jes' to humor him." Philadelphia "Press."

## ON THE HOME GREEN

The Speculator's Progress.  
Graball—So you sent your boy around the globe for a little trip, eh? I heard he was dabbling some in stocks? Ritchie—Dabbling? He probably was—at first, but when I discovered his predicament he was floundering in them!—"Puck."

An Old-Fashioned American.  
Forty years ago Robert E. Lee was offered the presidency of a Northern insurance company at a salary large enough for those days. He wrote that he hadn't the ability or the experience to command such a salary. He was told that his name was worth it. "What influence I have with the Southern people is not for sale," said Lee. That ended the negotiations.—New Orleans "States."

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# THE TIME OF THE BOOM



THERE was an atmosphere of suppressed excitement in the Murray household one eventful evening back in the early eighties. The eldest son,

big, strong, full of the adventurous spirit, and twenty-one years old, had done his last day's work on the old Ontario farm, and was off in the morning for Manitoba. The first great rush to the West was in progress, and the stories that came floating back from the Golden West had so fired the boy's imagination and ambition that he had decided to "strike out" and make his fortune, as others were doing. The entire family, having found dissuasion vain, were now making bustling preparation for his departure. The cautious father gave, now and then, a word of parting advice. The anxious mother, calling first one daughter and then another to aid her in seeing that nothing that Willie needed was forgotten, nervously packed his trunk and valise. The night passed quickly, the hurried good-byes of the morning were soon over, and Willie, in company with Tom Lee, a neighbor and chum, found himself heading for the great West.

The two young fellows had each about five hundred dollars to start with, and it was their intention to go "homesteadin'." They planned to take up their homesteads as near together as possible, so that one outfit would do for both. By this arrangement the cost to each would be comparatively light, and their limited capital would, they felt, be quite ample. Reaching Winnipeg, the partners learned that it was rather early in the season for them to start out to Turtle Mountain in search of land, and Tom went to Portage la Prairie on a visit to some friends. Willie took lodgings at one of the cheaper boarding-houses in the city, and on the morning following his arrival started to look about him.

A busy and surprising scene met his gaze as he took his first walk down Main street. At that moment it was the most cosmopolitan spot in America. The wide thoroughfare was thronged with vehicles of every description, from splendid carriages to Red River carts, and the sidewalks were crowded with moving masses of men from all parts of the world. Scarcely a woman was to be seen among the eager, energetic groups that buzzed and bustled everywhere. English lords brushed shoulders with semi-barbarous adventurers from nowhere. Men of all nationalities besieged the land offices, and filled the saloons. Money flowed like water, and the talk, loud and insistent everywhere, was land, land. It was the time of the boom, the great Manitoba land boom, and men of all conditions from all directions had rushed to the scene to join in the feverish chase for wealth.

Tremendously impressed with the scene of life and excitement which the crowded city presented, and feeling that he had lost anchor and was being carried he knew not where on a strange sea of humanity, he drifted with the tide into a crowded auction room. A very eloquent auctioneer was delivering an oration on the qualities of certain Battleford town lots, which the owners, prompted by laudable philanthropic principles, had agreed to place on the market. Willie gradually edged his way closer and closer to the counter on which the auctioneer stood, and presently the sale began. There was a strange recklessness in the air that soon strengthened into intense excitement, and worked on the boy's senses like wine.

"If I had the stamps," said a man near him, "I'd dip into this business as far as I could reach. It's the best thing that's been put on the market for a good while—genuine town, bound to go up, no humbug, nothing bogus."

"You're happy right," replied another man, turning round to the first speaker. "I'm going to nip off all I can bite, and I'll bet it will be a payin' nibble, too."

Stronger and stronger the influences of the place and the stirring business in progress seized upon Willie. His father's parting advice to be sure not to have anything to do with speculation was thrust further and further away.

"I say, Smith," said a drawing voice, behind him, as a hand was reached over his arm to pull the elbow of a man in front, "I'd like to have that last lot you got. I'll give you fifty dollars for your bargain."

The man addressed as Smith turned sharply around, drew his eyebrows together, and after a moment's deliberation, answered, "I'm with you."

A Story of the Great Manitoba Land Boom  
BY H. W. JAKEWAY ("HAL")

Seein' it's you, I'll take your offer." The men then pushed aside to accomplish the transfer.

Willie had seen the man called Smith buy the lot a few minutes before for twenty dollars, and the ease with which he saw fifty dollars cleared quite turned his head.

"How much for this block of ten lots?" shouted the auctioneer. "It's a very choice block, and some day will be covered with fine places of business, and then some of you will feel like kickin' yourselves mighty hard because you let the chance slip. How much for the block? How much am I offered per lot for the block? How much?"

"Five dollars a lot!" came the first offer.

"Ten!" shouted another.

"Fifteen!" sounded Willie's voice.

"Twenty!" came from Smith ahead.

"Twenty-five!" said Willie in a more determined tone. He was warming to his work, and from head to foot he fairly tingled with excitement.

"Thirty!" exclaimed Smith.

"Thirty-one!"

"Thirty-two!"

The bids came rapidly from Willie and Smith alternately until the latter reached thirty-seven dollars. It was going high, and Willie hesitated till the third and last warning of the auctioneer before he made his bid. Then he went a dollar higher. He expected Smith would say thirty-nine, but that individual turned away apparently on other business, and the block of lots was knocked down to Willie for three hundred and eighty dollars.

He stepped forward, produced the roll of bills from his safe inside pocket, and paid for the property. He noticed that several of the men looked at him curiously, and he overheard one say to another, "Oh, he's no gawk. Don't be alarmed. He knows what he's doing."

Carried away by excitement, he had bought and paid for the lots without taking time for a single rational thought, but the reaction came speedily. The excitement died out. There were no more sales. A peculiar feeling of helplessness and regret for his recklessness that almost unnerved him came upon him as he left the room. He made his way down the crowded street and on to his boarding-place. Here he began to reason with himself about what he had done, and why he had done it. "What an infernal fool I am!" he said to himself. "Nearly the whole of my money gone like a shot! If I can't sell I'll be in a nice fix."

Then he began to think about the man who had made fifty dollars on one lot, and of all the assurances he had had that property was going up everywhere, and by the time he had finished a hasty dinner and was again out on the street he was laughing at his fears. Before he had gone far he had determined not to sell for less than fifty a lot under any circumstances.

Reaching the auction mart, he again crowded into the place. By this time, however, it was almost impossible to push forward. The room was packed with an excited, clamorous crowd of speculators, who bid against one another at the top of their voices. Willie soon found that the auctioneer was not doing all the selling. In a quieter way men were transferring their lots at a raise all around him.

"What will you give me for this lot?" he asked with as cool an air as he could assume, displaying his receipt, and addressing a man who had just made a sale.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for it," was the unhesitating reply.

"And I'll raise it a hundred more just to keep the fun going," said another speculator, who was wedged up closely against them.

Willie demurred. "At this rate," he thought, "I'd better hold on a little longer, till I see how prices are going to go."

"I'll make it twelve hundred," said the man who had offered the thousand.

"I don't think I'll sell just yet," replied Willie. "I believe my lots are worth more than that."

"Pr'aps they are, but you may be sorry if you don't take my offer."

"I'll chance it," was Willie's response as he turned away.

Up went the prices; louder grew the din. Occasionally a man would approach Willie and make him an offer for his lots. Phenomenal offers some

of them were, too, but still the boy refused to sell!

He overheard men say that great as was the excitement to-day it was sure to be greater to-morrow, for telegrams had been received saying that a car-load of capitalists from St. Paul would arrive by daybreak, and that some of them were coming for the express purpose of securing those valuable Battleford lots. The last offer that Willie received that night was six thousand dollars for the block, but he determined to await the coming of to-morrow and the St. Paul capitalists.

"What a great day this has been!" he exclaimed as he soliloquized in his room that night. "What a great day! It was a lucky thing I happened to drop into that auction-room. I'll always believe in luck after this. Father has been grubbing away all his life, and he's not worth a cent more to-night than I am, and perhaps not half what I'll be worth when I sell out to-morrow. Father has always been cautioning me about this and that, and warning me against being rash, just as if I had no judgment of my own. My idea is that when one is twenty-one years old his reasoning powers are just as good and a great deal quicker than those of a man two or three times his age, and I'm going to prove it. Three hundred and eighty dollars turned into six thousand in one day isn't bad for a start. I guess I'll hardly try my hand at the homestead business now. I can go in for higher game than that. If I sell out for ten thousand to-morrow I'll salt five or six down for a sure thing to fall back on. Then I'll invest the balance, and if I can't make it double up lively it's a queer thing to me. All a fellow wants is a cool head. If I'd been a coward or cautious like father always is I'd never have taken that chance this morning, and if I'd got flustered and sold out on the first offer I'd have made a nice fathead of myself. Won't Tom be mad when he hears what he's missed. I'll lend him a few hundred to help him along homesteadin', so that he won't be put about if I don't go. Won't the folks at home stare when I send them the news! Father will be sure to think it a sin to make money like that, but his notions are pretty old-fashioned. Little Bob will be happy, though, when he finds that I've arranged it so that he can go to High School, and I can see Mary's eyes shine when she gets a present of a dandy piano from her roaming big brother. I'll be able to make it easier for them all. I'll not forget that."

He was awake very early in the morning. "I'll sell out to-day," he told himself as he hurried on his clothes. "I'll not be too greedy. Those St. Paul fellows can make something out of it if they like. Ten thousand will do me on this deal."

A big crowd had assembled in the auction-room when he reached it, but the auctioneer had not yet taken his stand.

"Can I sell you a lot or two this morning?" was the greeting he received from a man he had been talking to the previous evening. "I bought so much yesterday at heavy prices that I won't be able to invest in something I really want badly to-day unless I can manage to unload a little of what I've got."

Willie did not want to buy. His first business was to sell if he could make the right kind of sale. He intended to unload also. In a short time the auctioneer began operations, but nobody seemed anxious to buy.

"It's hard to get steam up in a morning sometimes," remarked one man. "I s'pose by the time the St. Paul gents come walking in Battleford will get up and boom as well as Winnipeg ever did."

Lots were disposed of very slowly, and at low figures. Willie was soon struck by the depressing fact that while men wishing to sell were plentiful enough, buyers were scarce.

"What will you give me for my lots this morning?" he asked at length, after waiting vainly for some one to make him a voluntary bid, as had been done the evening before. The man addressed had pressed him to sell several times, but now he seemed to have forgotten all about him and his lots. The boy tried one after another, but no one wanted the Battleford property.

After a time someone began to grumble that the story about the coming of the St. Paul men was all moonshine. Others took up the subject, and swore that they had been duped. Then followed a complete panic. Everybody tried desperately to sell at any price, but there were no buyers.

Willie offered his block of lots at lower and lower figures, but all to no purpose. One man, with an oath, told him he would not have them as a gift.

"Take my word for it, my boy," said another, "these lots are not really worth a cent. Most of the buyers knew that, too. I don't believe a single man in the crowd wanted the lots. Everybody bought to sell again, and, of course, that kind of game is soon played out, and this has gone through quicker than anything I ever saw. It's all a gamble, and a bad business."

Willie lost control of his nerves, and went cold to the finger tips. All his boasted coolness vanished with his dreams of wealth. It was clear the bubble had burst. Lots that had sold for hundreds of dollars went begging at a less number of cents. The youthful speculator made his way blindly to his lodging-house. Gone were his golden hopes and gone were nearly the whole of his savings. The ambitious speculator of yesterday was an almost heart-broken boy.

A week or two afterwards, as Tom Lee was leaving Winnipeg, in company with a new partner, he caught a glimpse of his former one swinging a pick in one of the open sewers of the city. There was the right stuff in the boy, however, and the knock-down blow he received in his first round with the world disciplined him more thoroughly than years of ordinary life. He is now a prosperous citizen of Winnipeg, but he attributes his sound financial position to the fact that though he has seen many booms since the great one, he has never forgotten the lesson he learned by his purchase of the Battleford town lots.

## Worcestershire Sauce.

On Tuesday, April 24, the action of Lea & Perrins vs. Holbrooks, Ltd., again came before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady. Mr. Sebastian said the action was brought to restrain defendants from advertising their Worcestershire sauce as the only "genuine" and "original," and when the matter was last before the court an undertaking was given by the defendants until over that day not to repeat the acts complained of. Defendants had now agreed to make an end of the matter, and to treat the motion as the trial of the action. Defendants admitted that plaintiffs, Lea & Perrins, were the original makers of Worcestershire sauce, and consented to an injunction restraining them from representing that they were the original and only genuine makers of Worcestershire sauce. They also agreed to pay £10 by way of damages, to deliver up within a specified time all offending documents, and also to pay the taxed costs of plaintiffs. Mr. Kerby, for the defendants, agreed to these terms, but desired to explain that the acts complained of had taken place in Canada, the advertisements being inserted in a newspaper by an agent entirely without defendants' knowledge. Directly the directors of defendant company heard of what had been done, they at once gave orders that it should be discontinued, and this had been done.

## R. & O. Saturday-Monday Outings.

As the Saturday-Monday outings have been very popular in past seasons, the R. & O. Navigation Co. have decided to continue these outings to Ontario Beach, Rochester, 1000 Islands, and Prescott for this season.

There is no trip out of the city of Toronto that gives more for the money than the above outing.

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## Christian Scientists to Boston.

New York Central Lines announce rate of single fare, plus 25 cents, for the round trip from Toronto to Boston, account opening of new scientist church. Tickets will be good going June 2nd to 11th inclusive, good returning to June 18th.

New York Central is the direct and quickest route, and one may leave Toronto 5:20 p.m. or 5:00 p.m. by C.P.R. or Grand Trunk respectively, and reach Boston 10:30 next morning. Or they may leave Toronto 2:00 p.m. by Niagara River Line steamer, and be in Boston at 8:47 next morning. Good rate via New York, and passengers going that way may use Hudson River steamers in either or both directions between Albany and New York, without extra charge.

Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 1-2 Yonge Street, Toronto, for full particulars.

## Discount for Shortage.

A couple evidently from an exceedingly rural district recently presented themselves at the home of a Buffalo minister, and announced that they wished to be married. The would-be bride was of a homeliness to cause one less pity for the blind, but the groom seemed satisfied, and as they possessed the necessary license the minister proceeded to perform the ceremony.

"How much dew that come to, Parson?" the man then inquired, bringing a handful of silver change from a deep trousers pocket. "Name yer regular figger that you charge th' swells. I'm a-goin' th' limit, by jinks!"

"Oh, I have no regular charge," the minister said; "just give me what you think it's worth."

The groom turned and eyed his

## Wedding Gifts AT KAY'S



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bride in a speculative manner.

"She's a good gal, ef she ain't much on looks," he said, thoughtfully, "an' I'll be gosh derned ef she ain't wuth a dollar an' forty-five cents!"

He was about to hand over the silver when the lady caught his arm, and deducted the five-cent piece from the sum.

"Wait, Si," she said. "Take back this nickel; you don't know it, but when I was a child I chopped off two toes with th' hatchet."—Harper's Weekly.

## Well Recommended.

The buxom maid had been hinting that she did not think much of working out, and this in conjunction with the nightly appearance of a rather sheepish young man caused her mistress much apprehension.

"Martha, is it possible that you are thinking of getting married?"

"Yes'm," admitted Martha, blushing.

"Not that young fellow who has been calling on you lately?"

"Yes'm, he's the one."

"But you have known him only a few days."

"Three weeks come Thursday," corrected Martha.

"Do you think that is long enough to know a man before taking such an important step?"

"Well," answered Martha with spirit, "tain't 's if he was some new feller. He's well recommended; a perfectly lovely girl I know was engaged to him for a long while."

"Everybody's Magazine."

## No Motive; Merely a Reason.

"So you have decided to leave,"

said the lady of the house to the cook.

"What is your motive?"

"No motive, mum. I'm only going to get married."—Milwaukee "Sentinel."



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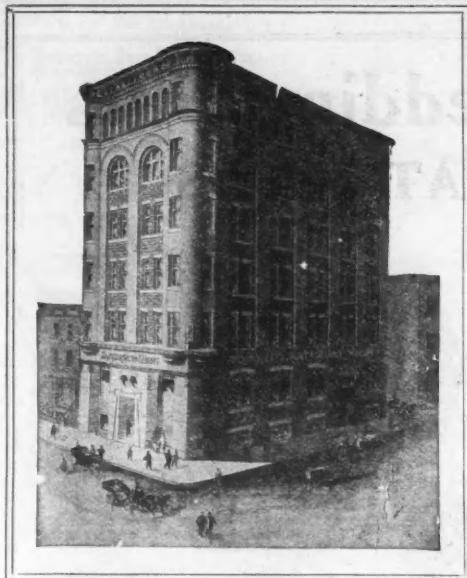
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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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### "Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of *Saturday Night* leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the *Saturday Night* Office, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

### Points About People.

When the late W. B. Scarth, M.P. for Winnipeg, and afterwards Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and several other nabobs from the East, spent a night at the Edmonton House in the early days, writes Charles Lewis Shaw, each of the party demanded a separate room which necessitated a shake-down for Mr. Scarth on the only billiard table in the house. "What do you mean, landlord?" said Mr. Scarth, when his bill was presented to him as the party was about to depart next day: "What on earth do you mean? Five dollars for my bed alone for one night."

What a remarkable charge even in the Far West! "You had the billiard table, hadn't you, Mr. Scarth?" asked Donald Ross, quietly. "Yes, Well, what of that? It was decidedly uncomfortable." "Well, you know our rates are fifty cents an hour," and Mr. Ross with a humorous twinkle in his eye pointed to the printed rules and regulations of his one-tabled billiard-room.

Mr. Joseph E. Seagram is, without doubt, the most striking figure in Canadian turf affairs to-day, and is as well known and popular at Belmont Park, Sheepshead Bay, and Saratoga as in his own town of Waterloo. He is popular not so much because he is a wealthy horse-owner, but because he is a pleasant gentleman without affectation and with an infinite fund of humor. His chief pleasure is in the breeding and racing of horses and he knows no keener joy than when his colors flash first past the winning post. It would take an Iliad to chronicle all his victories during the last fifteen years, but the mention of several of his famous horses may not be without interest. Victorious, the Queen's Plate winner in 1891, the first of that long string of victors of which Slaughter is the twelfth, still rests in honored old age at the Waterloo farm. She is twenty-eight years old. Procession was another famous horse which in its first start in the Liverpool Cup of 1900 beat Mr. Hendrie's famous Martinus, a Futurity winner. This, it is said, Mr. Seagram considers one of his greatest turf triumphs. Of his present horses Inferno is considered the best, but he has many promising two-year-olds in his stable. He is a very extensive breeder and has at Waterloo ten stallions and fifty brood mares, and this year will construct a half-mile track for training purposes. With his breeding facilities and long racing experience there is little reason to fear that his turf successes will diminish.

Mr. George Ham of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Montreal, has a story on Mr. Jacques Bureau, the member for Three Rivers, Quebec, a good, loyal Catholic constituency. He says that one day last year, while bringing Mr. Horton, a prominent Australian, up

from Montreal to Quebec, he wired Mr. Bureau asking him to arrange an hour's diversion for the visitor at Three Rivers. When the boat arrived at the port it was an hour late and could only remain at the dock ten minutes, and Mr. Horton was in bed. Mr. Bureau was on the dock with a carriage. He insisted on Mr. Horton being roused. "Why, I have arranged the liveliest hour a man ever had in Three Rivers," he said. "All the boys are gathered at the club and they are eager to meet Mr. Horton. He must come for a minute, just so the boys won't be disappointed." Mr. Horton was obliging and scurried into his clothes like a belated bridegroom. As he climbed into the carriage he asked Mr. Bureau to give him his cue in order that there should be no delay at this club reception. "Oh, I just told them that I was bringing up a couple of fellows who were going to organize an Orange lodge in town," remarked Mr. Bureau. "Whoa!" roared Mr. Ham, and they both clambered out with unexpected agility and hustled for the boat. "Now that's rude!" exclaimed Mr. Bureau. "The boys were so anxious to meet you, too."

Dr. Seath's successor as Inspector of High Schools for Ontario is Mr. James Elgin Wetherell, principal of Strathroy Collegiate Institute. There are so many of the graduates of the old school in Toronto that Mr. Wetherell will meet his former pupils at every turn. Among the members of the Government side of the Ontario Legislature, Hon. W. J. Hanna and Mr. I. B. Lucas have been enrolled as Strathroy students. Mr. Wetherell was born at Port Dalhousie in 1851, and educated at the Newmarket High School and at the University of Toronto, taking his B. A. degree at the latter institution in 1877. He distinguished himself in classics and English and, after acting as professor of Latin in Woodstock College,

Mr. J. E. Wetherell.

became principal of St. Mary's High School. From that town he went to Strathroy, where he has been principal for about twenty years. Mr. Wetherell has written *Over the Sea*, a small book of British travel, and has also edited an anthology, *Later Canadian Poems*, as well as texts of Tennyson and other poets. His taste in literature is highly discriminating and his efforts to encourage the study of composition among his own students have been earnest and effectual.

John A. McKenzie of Kincardine tells a good story about a man he met on the road in Greenock, according to the *Kincardine Review*. He was driving and stopped Mr. McKenzie, who was also driving, to enquire if he could get him a servant girl. "No, I can't," said Mr. McKenzie, but (speaking as an issuer of marriage licenses) he added: "If you want a wife I can help you to get one." "Oh, the dickens!" said the stranger disgustedly. "That is just my trouble. If I did not have a wife I would not need a servant girl."

One night at Ottawa, while the House was sitting, a member was in the reading-room, when he was approached by a couple of Americans, who asked if they might look around. The member assured them they could go all over, and having a few minutes to spare, volunteered to show them about, which offer they courteously accepted. After they had viewed the whole place, they came to the Commons door, and the member, who had not told them who he was, said he would now leave them, and putting out his hand to bid them good-by, one of them gave him a quarter, evidently under the impression that he was an employee.

The other evening a certain Toronto business man—an old bachelor, by the way, who is inordinately vain—entered his office down town to attend to some correspondence which he had overlooked during the day. Turning on the light he was most happily surprised to find a pretty, slender vase containing a bunch of beautiful pansies. Later that night he related the circumstance to about a dozen acquaintances, in proof of the charming discrimination of the prettiest of the company's stenographers. Next morning he was down early, and was just planning some nice thing to say to the young lady, when she appeared in the doorway. "O, pardon me," said she, "I left my pansies here after you had gone yesterday afternoon, because your room is the coolest. I hope you will overlook the intrusion."

Every Canadian who is a lover of cricket speaks familiarly of Lord's, the headquarters of the Marylebone Club, and the most famous of English cricket grounds. Yet few people in this country or even in England know the origin of the name round which cluster so many traditions of the fine old game. Many people imagine that the name of the ground has some relation to the peerage. Such is not the case. It takes its style from Thomas Lord, who created the first "Lord's." He was a waiter at the old White Conduit Club ground, and was induced by the Earl of Winchelsea and Sir Horace Mann to start the club which has since become the M.C.C. A higher-sounding name was that of the old Princes' Ground. That had nothing to do with the Royal Family, although members of the Royal house were often to be seen within the enclosure. The Prince brothers bought a market-garden and turned it into a site for cricket, tennis, and roller-skating.

Speaking in Parliament on one occasion Sir John Macdonald told a story of a young Scotch advocate who, disappointed with a court decision, expressed his surprise in very strong language. The judge charged him with contempt, and finding himself in a difficulty, he appealed to John Clark of Elgin—afterwards Lord Elgin—to apologize for him. Clark did so, informing the court that the offense rose out of the young gentleman's inexperience. "If," said he, "he had known the court as long as John Clark of Elgin, he would not be surprised at anything."

## DRAMA

WITH the closing of the Princess Theater last Saturday night, the dramatic season is practically over, the Willard fortnight having proved a pleasant and successful "last number on the programme." The production of *A Pair of Spectacles* was the most attractive feature of the two weeks' engagement, and it is to be hoped that we shall see it again next autumn. As *Benjamin Goldfinch*, Mr. Willard gives a delightful study of a benevolent nature struggling against malign influences. The English actor's promise to return with "more new plays" was greeted with enthusiasm, and his reference to the kindly reception accorded other members of his company was a pleasing recognition of the fact that *Richard Chivy* and *Betty Todd* have won general favor. Mr. H. Cane as the cheerful *Batty*, as the unctuous *Dr. Cosens*, as *Samuel Smith* of *Smith and Co.*, and finally as the moral and unbearable *Pecksniff*, is always equal to the dramatic occasion, while Mr. Ernest Stallard as *Jesse Pegg*, as *Richard Chivy*, *Gregory Goldfinch*, and *Mark Tapley* is ever a thing of cheerfulness and a joy forever. The feminine members of Mr. Willard's company are decidedly inferior in interest and distinction to the actors who make his repertoire so gratifying to the public taste. The leading lady, Miss Alice Lannon, is too sweetly fair to preserve her charms from becoming tiresome. A diet of bread and butter, thickly spread with sugar, is rather cloying to the adult palate. In the part of *Amelia Sedley*, she would be admirable, but as anything more sturdy she is far from proving a satisfaction. Perhaps, this somewhat insipid effect was all the more keenly felt because of Miss Marlowe's preceding appearance.

This last season has been strongly Shakespearean, the Sothern-Marlowe engagement proving the most artistic productions of that class. Miss Marlowe, who has been away from Canada for some years, was delightful in the rich maturity of dramatic development, and those who held her *Rosalind* in tender memory were not disappointed in the ripening of her artistic genius. Mr. Sothern also is increasing in depth and versatility and has discarded the superficial bravado that sometimes marred his performance in *If I Were King* and *The Proud Prince*. Mr. Mansfield proved a strong attraction, perhaps the greatest from a financial standpoint that appeared this season. It is remarkable that the fervency of this actor's admirers is only to be equalled by the vehemence of those who declare that he is naught. No less an authority than Mr. Dale has lately said that *Richard Mansfield* is the worst actor in America. But whatever his detractors may say, there will always be many to whom the Mansfield art is suggestive of barbaric strength and richness. His *Richard III.* as a study of one of the most subtle villains who ever followed power was much more desirable than his *Shylock*, but in Schiller's *Don Carlos* the tragic expression was at its highest. Miss Crossman's *Rosalind* was an exquisite and spirited interpretation of as dainty a lady as ever donned doublet and hose. Mr. Mantell proved a surprise to those who had imagined him a melodramatic hero and nothing more. He showed a dignity and strength equal to the most exacting Shakespearean tragedy roles, but his support was disappointing and inferior.

Miss O'Neill's engagement in Ibsen and Sudermann plays was a decided failure in the matter of attendance, a circumstance that is counted unto us for righteousness by some critics, while others attribute Toronto's lack of appreciation to pure stupidity. However, the memory of *Magda* is something to be grateful for, even though *Rosmersholm* proved too dismal. Miss Netherlands' appearance in an adaptation of Paul Hervieu's *The Labyrinth* was hardly more popular, the sensuous element in her acting being unpleasantly prominent. It was a play with a purpose in which the unfortunate spectator found himself unable to discover the "lesson" which the dramatist would fain inculcate.

In comedy we were more fortunate than usual this season. Of all the merry plays that we have laughed over since last September, *The Education of Mr. Pipp*, in which Mr. Digby Bell appeared as *J. Wesley Pipp* of Pittsburgh, was the most sparkling and coherent. That it may come again is the ardent wish of everyone who watched the maneuvers of that partner of a strenuous wife. *The County Chairman*, one of George Ade's comedies at the expense of the rural politician, in which Mr. Macklyn Arbuckle took the leading part, was excellent as a piece of American satire. The deepest impression made by a comedienne was that produced by Miss Eleanor Robson, whose *Merely Mary Ann* drew admiring crowds during the Christmas holidays. Her return visit with *Susan in Search of a Husband* and *The Girl Who Has Everything* proved highly successful. The former, one of Mr. Jerome's dramatized stories, was poorly constructed, but the latter, a Clyde Fitch attraction, was in that versatile playwright's best style. *Her Great Match*, another of his comedies, was an admirable vehicle for displaying the charms of Miss Maxine Elliott, who proved one of the most brilliant stars of the winter firmament. Then there was Miss Viola Allen in *The Toast of the Town*, which was a decided falling-off from her former work. Indeed it was difficult to recognize in hysterical *Betty Singleton* the dainty and refined actress who had been so winsome as *Viola of Twelfth Night*. Mr. Sutro's *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt* proved exceedingly amusing as an epigrammatic society play, in which the English actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, made a most favorable impression by her refined vivacity. *The Duke of Killiecrankie* and *On the Quiet* were, early in the season, a source of much mirth.

The dramatized novel is always more or less with us, but this season we have known comparatively little of its ravages. However, there was one signal instance of a novel spoiled. That was the play form of Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Crossing*, in which Mr. John Blair did his best to galvanize a dull affair. By the way, it is reported that the increasing difficulty of distinguishing the American Churchill from the Englishman of the same name and literary tendencies has led to the suggestion that the former shall be known as "Winnie." Then we should expect pleasant playlets instead of the slashing romances in which the soul of Mr. Churchill delights and which have proved so eminently profitable. Mr. Wilton Lackaye's appearance in a stage version of *The Pit* was fairly acceptable, but his support was not to be admired.

*The Virginian*, as a play, was the most successful dramatized novel of the season, the vagaries and virtues of the Western cowboy affording amusement to all who were familiar with Mr. Wister's romance.

Then there have been musical comedies, but not one of these has reached the heights of *A Country Girl* or *The Yankee Consul*. They have been tame and tuneless productions, of which *The Gingerbread Man*, with its *John Dough* song was probably the best. *Piff! Paff! Puff!* was poor stuff, and *Coming Through the Rye* was painful in the extreme. But musical comedy seems to have had its day, or rather its years, and there are healthy indications that only the best of these productions will be tolerated in future. We have almost forgotten Mr. Frank Daniels in *Sergeant Brue*, who was as highly amusing as ever.

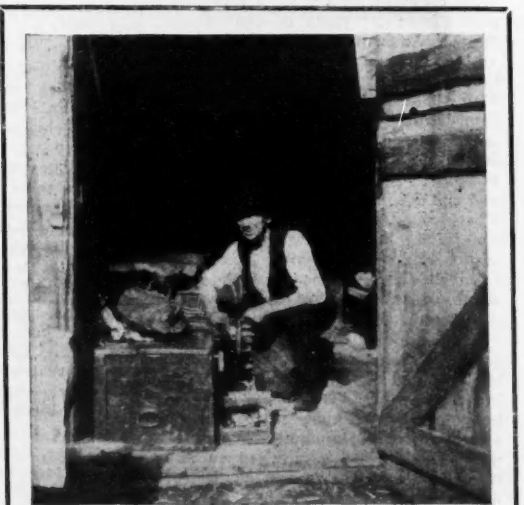
There has been much to divert and a good deal to enlighten in the plays of the past season. But there are some attractions which have not yet reached us. Next year, it is to be hoped that Miss Fritz Scheff's many boxes will be addressed to Toronto and that the charms of *Mademoiselle Modiste* may brighten our dull days. Then there is the English *Hopkinson*, which, we are assured, is the funniest play that New York has seen this year. There are other and worthier productions for which we sigh, and when the Princess Theater has received its summer renovation and adornment may the announcements for the next season bring satisfaction to the citizens of the least-exacting town on the continent.

Shea's Vaudeville Theater is still preserving its quality of excellence unstrained. The bill provided this week is quite good enough for the height of the theatrical season, much less the semi-torrid days of the last week of May. The headliner this week is Hurd, an arch-magician, who gives a bewildering exhibition of Oriental legerdemain. Then there are the graceful Doherty sisters, singers and dancers, with clever impersonations; Ward and Curran in a laughable skit *The Terrible Judge*, and James Richmond Glenroy with a quiver full of barbed anecdotes and racy parodies. Estello, Wordette & Co. present a laugh-compelling comedieta *When a Cat's Away*. The efforts of Echoff and Gordon, comedy musicians, are of a very fair order of merit, and the bicycle act of the six Proveanias is rather more interesting than most trick cycling.

### Mike Lynch, the Race-Track Farrier.

VERY few of the many thousands who have visited the Woodbine the past two weeks strayed far enough from the narrow limits of the grand stands or betting-ring to see the subject of this sketch, Mike Lynch, the race-track farrier. Yet it is true, even on race-tracks, that travellers behold sights out of the ordinary. The casual visitor sees nothing of the life behind the scenes, nothing of the numerous attendants who wait on His Majesty the horse. The farrier is not the least important of those who, in a more or less humble guise, assist in providing racing for the public, but it is probable that few racegoers are aware of his existence.

The shoe of a race-horse is far more a work of art than the rough iron semi-circle of a cab-horse. The common plebeian equine is content with anything that will dig holes in asphalt pavements, but the racing thoroughbred requires shoes like the winged sandals of Hermes to increase, not lessen his speed. The weight must be gauged to a nicety, for an ounce or a fraction of an ounce too much may mean the loss of a race. Moreover a shoe that is excellent on a fast, dry track, is utterly useless in a sea of mud; so that no race-horse can feel that his wardrobe is complete unless he has as many different styles and changes of footwear as a fashionable lady.



THE RACE HORSE BLACKSMITH.

In this delicate art of giving to each horse the shoe that suits him best, there is none to equal Mike Lynch. The veteran farrier has had much experience on many tracks; he has handled the hoofs of famous horses, and can boast that as speedy quadrupeds as ever faced the barrier have gone upon his handiwork. Yet withal he is not proud. He is a sharp, shrewd old man with a pleasant smile and the rude but practical philosophy that experience in varied scenes generates in a reflective mind. He has innumerable racing anecdotes at his tongue's end, and has a true sportsman's delight in racing for its own sake, as a sport pure and simple. Needless to say his qualities are appreciated among horsemen the continent over, from New Orleans and Los Angeles to Toronto; from stable boys to wealthy owners all have a pleasant word for old Mike Lynch.

It is not under a spreading chestnut tree but in the rough interior of a barn that he rears his smithy. He works not in an atmosphere of soot and rusty nails, but of bales of hay and bags of oats. His kit is as scanty as that of an itinerant tinker, but it suffices his needs. A master workman demands few tools, and the fewer the better with a travelling farrier with whom transportation is a serious problem. With Mr. Lynch the reveille is always sounding its "up and away." To-day he is at the Woodbine, to-morrow at some distant point; but one can rest assured, it will be where race-horses need his craft. He cannot sink in the scale. A race-track farrier could never descend to nailing lumps of iron on plough horses in some village blacksmith shop. Never could you imagine that of Mr. Lynch. He is so evidently devoted to his calling that one cannot take leave of him without a fervent wish that he may continue therein, as long as the champions of the turf need to be shod.



## A CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY

The Duke of Montreal sails next week for a three months' tour on the Continent. He will travel incognito as Baron Westmount.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Viscount Fenetanguishene and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Manitoulin, Lord Lieutenant of Algoma.

A lawn meet of the Quorn hounds yesterday in Lord Orillia's park did not yield much sport, scent being moderate. Starting from Lord Tommy Hamilton's covert, hounds hunted industriously through Sir Francis Whitby's gorse and across Lord Brockville's estate. There another fox was started and run to earth near Rideau Castle. Lady Nipissing was the only woman in at the death. During the first run Lord Leamox and Addington had a bad fall owing to his horse slipping when about to take a stiff fence.

The political reception on Tuesday night was unusually brilliant. The chief interest centered about Montmagny House, where the gracious hostess, the Duchess of Chateaufort, was surrounded by a bevy of the younger women, whose electioneering efforts in the last campaign did so much for the success of her husband, the new Premier. The Countess of Moose Jaw looked lovely in black and gold, with a fillet of diamonds in her fair hair. Lady Temiscaming of Cobalt wore the famous family jewels, while the Viscountess Lachine was strikingly pretty in cloudy black. Lady Scott's wassaga was much noticed with her lace headress. The Countess of Miramichi, Lady Saguenay, Lady Gananogue, and the Marchioness of Medicine Hat all brought daughters. Lady Keewatin and Lady Kenora were among the new peeresses to be noted.

If the society columns of our Canadian papers are not filled with items such as the foregoing, the fault is not that of British statesmen of old. At least two deliberate attempts were made to plant aristocracy in the unfavorable soil of this more or less democratic country. Although neither met with success, the circumstances of their planning have still more than a passing interest.

The Court of King James the First held no more pedantic poet, no more ambitious courtier, than the Scotch Knight, Sir William Alexander, the framer of the first attempt. His poetry, damned to future generations by King James' praise, and his supple-kneed flattery carried him far in his Royal master's favor. So when, about 1621, he became "exceedingly inflamed," as he expressed it, with the fever of colonization in the scarce-known continent to the west, he had no difficulty in obtaining a generous grant.

A stroke of King James' pen made him master of the vast territory now comprised in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick,



SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

wick, and the easternmost counties of Quebec. To the north and west lay New France, to the south the land which Captain John Smith had just dubbed New England, while far beyond that lay the golden vagueness of New Spain. What more natural then, than for this patriotic Scot to name his province New Scotland. Nor was the connection between old Scotia and the new to be in name only. Alexander hoped to find in Scotland the settlers through whose toil was to come the dazzling wealth he hoped for. "When I do consider with myself what things are necessary for a plantation," he wrote a couple of years later, "I cannot but be confident that my own countrymen are as fit for such a purpose as any men in the world, having daring minds, that upon any probable appearances do dispise danger, and bodies able to endure as much as the height of their minds can undertake.... Then Scotland by reason of her populousness being constrained to disburden her swart (like the painful Bees) did every yeere send forth swarms whereof great numbers did haunt Pole (Poland) with the most extreme kinde of drudgerie scraping a few crummes together, till now of late that they were compelled, abandoning their ordinary calling, to betake themselves to the warres against the Russians, Turks, or Swedens, as the Polonians were pleased to employ them; others of the better sort being bred in France, in regard of the ancient league, did find the means to force out some small fortunes there, till of late the French.... have altered the estate of the Guards. The necessities of Ireland are neere supplied, and that great current which did transport so many of our people is worne drie. The Lowe Countries have spent many of our men, but have enriched few."

But the bees would not swarm to the new hive. It was with great difficulty Alexander drummed up a shipload of colonists in 1624, and even they, thwarted by storm and lack of supplies, forced no farther than Newfoundland. Another expedition next year had little more success. Then Sir William, wearied of the heavy and fruitless expense, hit on a plan to provide the necessary funds and lend solidity to the enterprise. A few years before, when the plantation of Ulster was in full swing, King James had devised the new order of baronets, conferring the title on any gentleman who should pay into the treasury sufficient money to maintain thirty soldiers for three years in the troubled Irish province. The plan was extended to New Scotland. The country was to be split up into baronies averaging twenty-five square miles, and these and, along with the style and title of baronet, were to be conferred on all gentlemen of family who would pay Sir William 1,000 merks, Scottish, and send to the colony six men armed and provisioned for two years, or commute the latter service by paying another 2,000 merks. The baronetries were to be hereditary; the word Sir was to be "prefixed to their proper names," and

"Lady, Madame, and Dame" to the names of their wives. As a future inducement somewhat later the baronets were privileged to "weare and carry about their necks in all time coming, ane orange-tauney-silk ribbanc, whairon shall hing pendant in a scutchion argent a saltoine azeur, theiron ane inscutcheine of the armes of Scotland, with ane imperiall croune about the scutchone, and incircled with this motto, 'Fax mentis honestae gloria.'"

With much legal prolixity and feudal minuteness the charter of 1621 enumerates the rights of Sir William and his assignees. "All minerals of gold and silver, copper, steel, tin, lead, brass, and iron, and any other mines, pearls, precious stones, quarries, woods, thickets, mosses, marshes, lakes, waters, fisheries, as well in fresh water as in salt, as well of Royal fishes as of others," are bestowed on the lucky patentee; "states, free towns, free ports, towns, baronial villages, seaports, roadsteads, machines, mills, offices, and jurisdictions; hawkings, huntings, fisheries, peat-mosses, turf-bogs, coal, coal-pits, conies, warrens, doves, doce-cotes, workshops, maltkilns, breweries, and broom; with courts, fines, pleas, heriots, outlaws, rabbles of women, with free entrance and exit, and with fork, foss, fok, fac, theme, infangtheiff, outfangtheiff, wrak, wair, veth, vert, venneson, pit, and gallows; and with all other and singly, the liberties, commodities, profits, easements, and their rightful pertiments of all kinds, whether mentioned or not, above or below ground, far and near, belonging, or that can belong, to the aforesaid region and lordship, in any manner, for the future, freely, quietly, fully, wholly, honorably, well and in peace, without any revocation, contradiction, impediment, or obstacle whatever." Talk about blanket charters after this seventeenth century achievement!

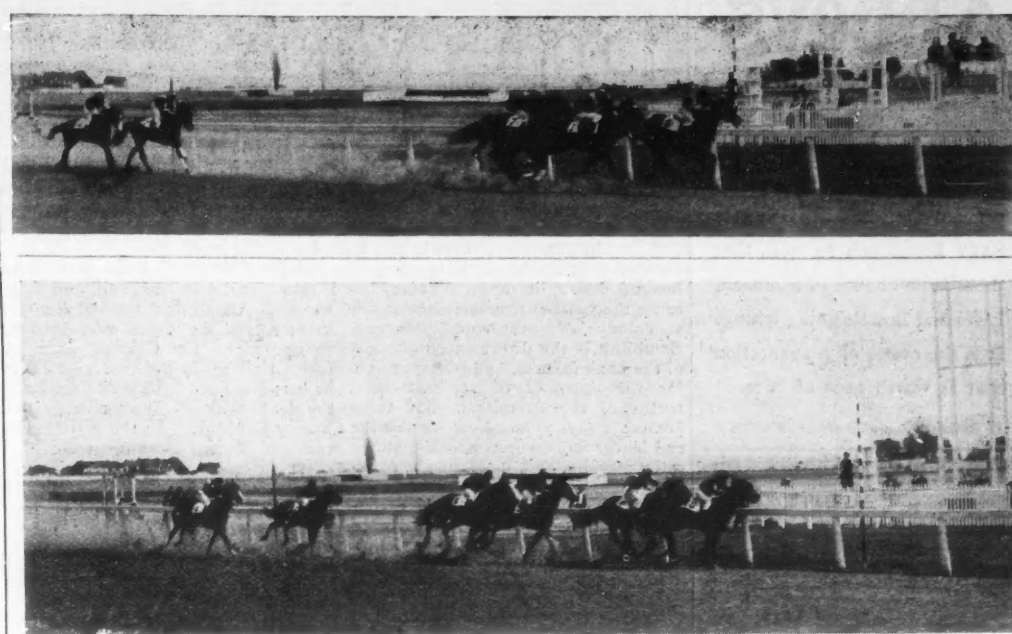
At first all went well with the new order. Nineteen Scotch gentlemen were enrolled as knights baronets of New Scotland the first year, Sir Robert Gordoun, William, Earl Marischall, and Alexander Strachan heading the list. By 1638, when additions ceased, 113 names were registered. Whether or not all paid in the 1,000 merks to Sir William, there is reason to doubt. But while the title-mongering flourished, colonization lagged. Insufficient funds, the opposition of the French, the indifference of King Charles, and the growth of trouble at home brought the few weak attempts at settlement to naught. The baronets remained landless, and New Scotland baronetless. At last, shortly after the American Revolution, an attempt was made by several of the baronets to obtain their estates, but their claim, backed up by not a single act of occupation, met with short shrift from the British Government of the day. Sporadic movements in the same direction since have met with no more success, and the contemporary baronets of Nova Scotia, among whom is Lord Minto, seem content with their empty titles and resigned to the loss of those fair estates and the attaching privileges, liberties, immunities, and accidents, infangtheiff and outfangtheiff alike. Probably Nova Scotia is resigned to the situation too.

Nearly two centuries after Sir William's ill-fated scheme, it was sought to confer on the western provinces the same blessing of a ready-made aristocracy. The only lesson many statesmen of the day had learned from the loss of the thirteen colonies was the necessity of building up an hereditary aristocracy and an established church in the colonies which remained, as bulwarks against democracy and sedition. So when in 1791 it was found necessary to give Canada a new constitutional dress, we find that more than half the regulations are directed to these two ends.

We are all aware that this Act of 1791 contained some provisions regarding an hereditary aristocracy, but it is not till we read the record of the long and spirited debate in the British Parliament of the day that we realize how serious the proposition was. The debate would be memorable if only for the fact that in its course occurred the famous and dramatic breaking of friendship between Burke and Fox. But it is more interesting as showing how little the statesmen of the day knew or cared about the country whose fate they were moulding. The political hurricane in France, overturning in a night all century-old privileges and greatnesses, absorbed their whole attention. Canada was merely a stalking-horse for attacks on one or the other of the French parties. There was much talk of fair Queen Marie Antoinette and her foes, of the Lord George Gordon Riots, of the horrors of St. Domingo, of the Rights of Man, of the all-perfectness of the British constitution—"The glory and happiness of those who lived under it and the model and envy of the world"—but of the country which was supposed to be under discussion, little, and that little mostly wrong.

Pitt's bill provided that the King might at his good pleasure confer titles of honor on chosen Canadians and annex to the title the hereditary right of sitting in the Legislative Council. Gradually the Legislative Council or Upper House would become entirely filled with hereditary peers, a miniature House of Lords. In supporting this proposal, Pitt waxed eloquent on the virtues of a constitution wherein monarchy, aristocracy and democracy were happily balanced and blended. "Aristocracy," he exclaimed, "is the essential link which holds the other branches together, and gives stability and strength to the whole. Aristocracy reflects lustre on the Crown and lends support and effect to the democracy; democracy gives vigor and energy; while the sovereign crowns the constitution with authority and dignity."

Theoretically, Fox admitted, this beautiful harmony was the true basis of any constitution. But practically, he doubted the possibility of setting it up in a new and raw colony. "In countries where hereditary powers and honors are a part of the constitution, I do not think it wise to destroy them, but to give birth and life to such principles in countries where they did not exist seemed exceedingly unwise." Nor could he account for it, unless it was that Canada having been formerly a French colony, there were some who thought that in the present juncture there might be an opportunity of reviving those titles of honor the extinction of which some gentlemen so much deplored, and of reviving in the West that spirit of chivalry which had fallen into disrepute in France. "Are those red and blue ribbons, which have lost their lustre in the old world, to shine forth again in the new?" It seemed to him peculiarly absurd to introduce hereditary honors in America, "where those artificial distinctions stink in the nostrils of the natives." "Lords," he continued, "we may give them, but there is no such thing as creating that reverence and respect for them on which their dignity and weight in view both of the popular



TWO OF THE EXCITING FINISHES AT THE WOODBINE LAST WEEK.

and monarchical parts of the constitution depends."

Burke passionately denounced Fox's seemingly sensible scepticism, but his long and eloquent speeches had more to do with Paris than with Canada. To Fox's argument that hereditary honors were abhorrent to the "natives," meaning thereby the American loyalists, Burke retorted that they had given up everything in order to exchange the blessings of the American democracy for those of the British constitution. What else than an attachment to the British constitution—which, he said, the bill aimed to reproduce in Canada—had drawn them to forsake "all the advantages of a more fertile soil and more southern latitude for the bleak and barren regions of Canada." With which complimentary reference, he returned again to the more important question of the probable fate of Louis XVI. and his Queen.

In summing up the debate, Pitt admitted that at first men would not give all the respect to a new nobility that belonged to an hereditary line of nobility who could trace their pedigrees to antiquity. But they would give some respect, and time would do the rest. "There was something," he added, "in the habits, customs, and manners of Canada that peculiarly fitted it for the reception of hereditary honors." Possibly some of the seigneurs might be found to be men of sufficient substance and consequence to warrant their elevation to the ranks of the new nobility. Finally, he was "firmly persuaded that an aristocracy flowing from the Imperial Crown of Great Britain would tend materially to strengthen the system of connection between the colony and the Mother Country; the want of these honors tended to accelerate the separation of the former colonies."

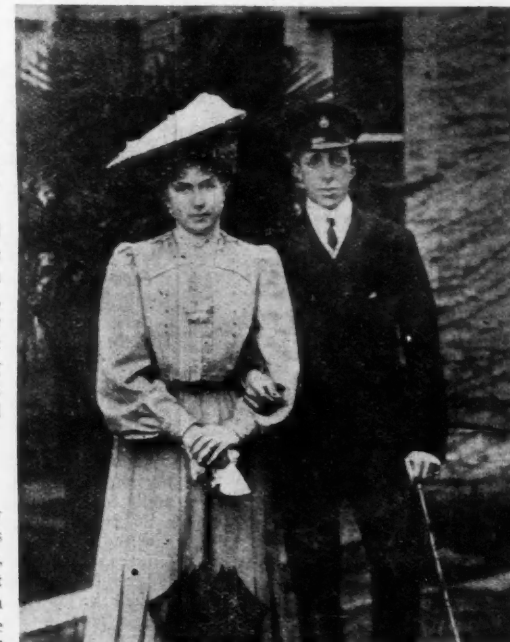
On a division the bill carried by over two to one, and a Canadian aristocracy seemed assured. But the scheme was fated to remain a pious aspiration. Statesmen in Downing street might draw up beautiful plans on paper, but their representatives on the spot saw too clearly the futility of the proposal ever to recommend its being put into operation. So Canada has had to struggle along with a lord or two of the United Kingdom peerage, an occasional baronet and a multitude of knights. The real thing still waits us.

## The Eighteenth Century.

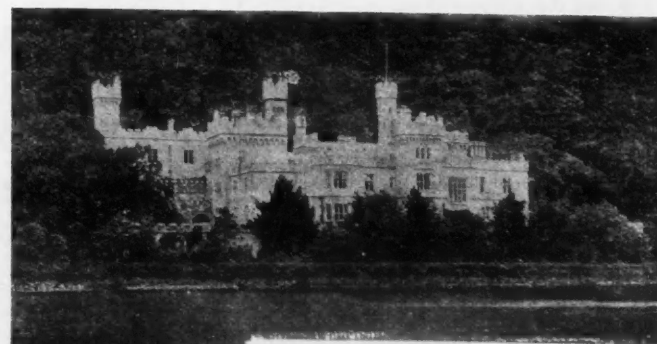
Until 1762 the actor played on a stage surrounded by fops and fine gentlemen, "unlick'd cubs of condition," as Cibber terms them. These persons, lolling in the wings, frequently interrupted the actors and occasionally fought with them. In 1721 a noble but drunken earl, standing in the wings during a performance of *Macbeth*, crossed the stage to talk to a friend. Rich, the manager, expostulated with the nobleman for his breach of decorum, and he promptly slapped the manager's face. Thereupon Quin

and two of the other actors drew their swords and drove the earl and his friends from the stage. But the gentlemen, not to be defeated, rushed into the boxes, and, cutting and slashing right and left, proceeded to destroy the furniture; they were only stopped from doing further damage by the resolute action of Quin, who, calling the watch to his assistance, arrested the rioters and haled them before the magistrates. A less disastrous instance of these curious interruptions was that of a gentleman who was so stirred by the beauty of Mrs. Woffington's performance of *Cordelia* in *King Lear* that he could not refrain from coming on to the stage and embracing her in the sight of the audience.—*Fortnightly Review*.

According to a Neuchatel correspondent, the watch factories in that town are extraordinarily busy, owing to a huge order for "War Watches" which has been received from the Japanese Government. The watches are thin and of good finish, with oxidized metal cases, and are intended for presentation to the Mikado's soldiers and sailors, as mementos of their successes in the recent war with Russia.



ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA.



KYLEMORE CASTLE, County Galway, Ireland. Where the King and Queen of Spain will spend part of their honeymoon.



BISHOP BRINDLE of Nottingham, who received Princess Ena into the Roman Catholic Church.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF BATTENBERG At the time of their marriage.



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA.

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**Be Particular**  
about the little things you eat.  
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An Atlantic Coast resort charmingly situated between Maine and New Brunswick. Delightful climate. Splendid sun and fresh water bathing. For booklet write Manager, Hotel Dept., C.P.R., Montreal.

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## FOOL'S MONEY

BETTING ON THE RACES

BY W. A. FRASER

HERE is no other form of human endeavor so foolish as gambling. Necessarily, it must mean loss to some human where there is gain to another. It creates nothing except a fevered desire; it never satisfies, because the passion it creates grows like a colony of pestilential bacteria. Gambling is the direct cause of most of the bank failures, and is responsible for the downfall of at least nine-tenths of the defaulters. It ruins homes; it saps young lives; and at the end leaves its devotees wrecked physically, morally, and, most surely, financially.

In this statement of matters connected with gambling it is my office to deal more particularly with betting on race-horses.

Lately I asked a large owner—a stiff plunger himself—what he thought of race-betting. He answered to the point:

"Betting is a luxury; a man is a fool to seek it as a means of income."

We were seated in a big hotel on Fifth avenue, and he added:

"Betting is a luxury, just as living here is; I can go over to Broadway and get a meal for half the money, but I like to have it here because I can afford it."

I asked another man in that same hotel—one of the most prominent race-men in America, a man who is in the racing game to make money—if he still found betting on horses a profitable game.

"I have quit betting," he said; "it is too difficult now to pick winners. I made money out of racing in the old days; there would be only five or six horses in a race, I would have the best horse entered, and could back him heavily. Now you will have from ten to twenty horses coming together from all parts of the country; they have never met before, and the wisest man that ever handled a thoroughbred can't tell which is the best, to say nothing of accidents, bad starts, poor jockeys, lack of condition. Ah!—my friend threw up his hands dramatically—'who can pick them? I used to think I knew something about it, but now a man who bets except for the fun of it is a fool.'"

In my own experience I have observed this utter absence of ability to forecast the result of a race on the part of owners, trainers, and jockeys—men on the inside who should know. A few specific instances might illustrate this. Perhaps if I could give names it might strengthen the evidence, but, obviously, this would be ungracious.

One bright summer day I was standing on the club lawn of a race-course beside an owner as his horse went to the post for a race. I said to him: "I like the look of your horse; I think I'll go down and have a bet on him."

"I have laid ten to one against him, myself," he answered, with a pitying smile for my unwise judgment.

So I remained where I was, and saw the horse in question win by six lengths. And as he returned to the judge's box the gentleman who had backed the horse with the owner came with a radiant face for his money.

Once in the paddock at Morris Park I was talking with one of the leading trainers when a well-made chestnut two-year-old passed. I remarked to the trainer:

"I like the make of that colt—he looks good enough to win this race" (it was the National Stallion Race). "Do you know anything about him?"

"I ought to—he's in my stable. He's a promising colt, is M—, but he hasn't a chance in this stake company. It's his first start, and he hasn't worked any too well."

The colt won handily by two lengths, and none of his connections had a penny on.

I remember a curious incident that

happened to Lord William Beresford, at Lucknow, that illustrates how the little God of Chance is more omnipotent than the combined knowledge of wise racing men.

In Lord William's stable were three Arabs—Euclid, Silver Tail, and Lannercost. Each of these had separate owners, and the three were starting in one race. On Calcutta form, in fact on all form, the race seemed to be between Lord William's Euclid and the Maharajah of Jhodepore's Arab, Young Revenge. In the betting Euclid and Young Revenge were at a short price, while Lannercost was twenty to one. The Government House party, the military and the civil service people of Lucknow, led by Lord William, poured their rupees into the laps of the bookmakers on Euclid until the Knights of the Pencil were forced to put up the shutters.

The jockeys on Silver Tail and Lannercost received instructions to make the running as fast and as far as they could, to the end that Young Revenge might be killed off, and Euclid, complacently galloping along in the wake of his stable companions, was to come away and win at the finish. But he didn't! That was a sum in geometry that didn't work out. Lannercost, under the inspiration of his jockey, took up the running with avidity. Two lengths, four lengths—a dozen lengths at the mile he was in front. The race was a mile and a half, and all up the home-stretch Lannercost's jockey was looking over his shoulder for the redeemer of the official shekels; but the shekels were most effectually burned up, for Lannercost galloped under the wire two lengths to the good.

In America the tout works on the outside to a great extent. He haunts the best hotels; he affects good clothes, and is lavish in treating. If he finds you sportively inclined he will try the wire-tapping game. That is always a play for big money. I have known men to be done up for five thousand dollars over this variation of the gold-brick deal. The wire-tapper's system is very simple. He will advise you that he has a confederate installed in a building near a pool-room. The confederate is a telegraph operator and has an instrument tapping the pool-room wire. He will be able to forestall the pool-room. He will keep the result of the race back long enough for you to bet your money on a horse that has already won. Of course, ninety-nine times out of a hundred this is all a lie. The tout picks a possible winner, and, fired by the certainty of the investment, you play it heavily. If the horse wins, the tout takes half or even two thirds. He has gambled on the possibility with your money, and he has altogether a soft thing. If the horse is beaten he is ready with excuses.

I know of an actual occurrence in which a pool-room in Toronto was played this way for three straight winners, and a large killing made, with the capitalist, a respected tradesman, thinking all the time that he was stealing the money. But this temporary success benefited him little, for the tout's business is to get all the money, and the successful one in this case came out at the small end of the horn eventually.

Perhaps even more dangerous than the professional tipster is the good-intentioned friend, jockey, trainer, owner, or friend of the owner, who really believes that he is about to do you a service, and imparts the "sure thing." Ordinarily you might have bet ten dollars; in this case you bet a hundred; and, speaking from absolute knowledge, I say emphatically that the God of Chance, reinforced by the probable several other good things in that very race, will, four times out of five, leave you an "also ran."

There is an altogether erroneous

idea that nearly every race that is run is crooked. Strangely enough, if this were true I fancy bettors would have a better chance. It is the most difficult thing on earth to keep secret a plot of this character. The stable hands must know of it; they have friends, and these friends have other friends. And if there were many of these prearranged, leaked-out episodes, the public would have a chance to get their money back from the bookies. It is really the Devil of Mischance, so ever-active, that keeps men of knowledge of the game, trainers and jockeys, from betting, and burns up the money of the "dope-book fiend" and the "form-player."

A horse, like a man, will have days upon which he feels equal to almost anything, and others upon which he would like to go to bed and stay there. It is impossible for even his trainer to know these days of unlimited possibility. He will know undoubtedly when the horse is "rank out of condition," but the public buy this knowledge at a stiff price. They will read over and over again the best performance of the horse, and back him repeatedly when he is not within twenty pounds of that form. If the trainer says that his horse is not fit to win, the public will stick its tongue in its cheek and say: "Clever dog! somethin' doin'!"—and double the bet.

In fact, trainer or jockey or owner must always be accredited with crooked work if, by any one of these numerous chances, a horse loses, when, in the backer's estimation, he should have won. The trainers at the big tracks are extraordinarily honest; they must be to hold their positions.

The backer who is always looking for "something doing" in a race has even less chance to win than the man who simply backs what he considers the best horse at the weights. But, unfortunately, either way the chances of winning are so slim that they are not worth considering.

In conclusion, one must make passing reference to "systems" of betting. They are one and all so ridiculously impossible, have failed so repeatedly, that they must be dismissed with the bare statement that no man has ever yet accomplished anything but ruin to himself through playing a system. The bookmakers have the only nearest approach to a system, which is to make backers take smaller odds than they are justly entitled to according to the law of chance.

### The Apple-Tree.

The apple-tree was bent and old,  
When blithely caroling,  
Through budding woodlands gaily came  
A wonder-witch, the Spring.  
"O give me," cried the apple-tree,  
"Some charm of sun or rain,  
Or portion of the evening dew  
To make me young again!"  
Then Spring upon the branches bare  
Let fall a shower or two  
And dried them with a gentle breeze  
From skies of balmy blue,  
And every zephyr roving by  
Was laden with perfume,  
For lo! the ancient apple-tree  
Stood crowned with rosy bloom.

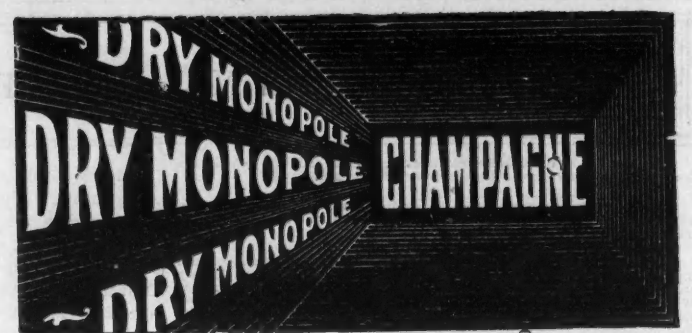
### Long-Distance Jane.

An old farmer was skeptical as to whether people who were miles apart could really talk to each other over a telephone wire.

One day his wife went to make a visit to a distant friend who had a telephone in her house. During the afternoon the farmer visited a neighbor who also boasted a house telephone, and who persuaded the farmer to call up his wife as a little surprise.

Following instructions, he put the receiver to his ear, and after the usual preliminaries, he shouted:

"Hello, Jane!"  
Just then a flash of lightning caused by the heat of the summer day struck the wire, and he fell sprawling to the floor. The neighbor was chagrined that the old man should meet with such an accident on his first trial of a telephone, and assured him that such a thing would not happen ex-



A SPLENDID WINE TONIC—AN IDEAL PICK-ME-UP  
COLEMAN'S

## WINCARNIS

Wincarnis is unrivalled for recuperating the system and regaining lost health. It is an elegant combination of Choice Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat and Finest Extract of Malt.

OVER 8000 MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.

A RELIABLE TONIC.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to say your preparation, "Wincarnis," has in my experience done all that you claim for it. I have tried it in three cases of Pyemia, and been more than satisfied, and also in ordinary cases of debility with complete satisfaction. I shall most certainly prescribe it in future as a reliable tonic and stimulant.

Yours truly,  
Newson-le-Willows, Lancashire.

A VALUABLE PICK-ME-UP.

Bury, July 2, 1905.  
DEAR SIR,—Please forward accompanying order. I have a very high opinion of the value of your "Wincarnis," and have used it in a case of debility following Scarlatina at the isolation hospital.

Yours faithfully,  
L.R.C.F., and M.R.C.S.

Agent: W. H. LEE, King Edward Drug Stores, Toronto.



cept in case of storms. But the farmer was convinced of the possibilities of communication, however, and would not try again. He rose to his feet, and shaking his head knowingly said:

"It's wonderful; that was Jane, all right!"—"Ladies' Home Journal."

### The Trotter's Legs Bagged.

A Kentuckian was talking sadly of Colonel H. G. Toler, the noted horseman, who recently died in Wichita.

"Colonel Toler raised John R. Gentry and many other famous horses," said the Kentuckian. "The turf has suffered a great loss in him. A better judge of horseflesh and a pleasanter man you'd never find."

"I used to love to watch him studying horses. He was very keen. He was at his best then."

"A rich tailor once brought him to see a new acquisition, a trotter of doubtful quality, for which, however, \$4,500 had been paid."

"The tailor was full of enthusiasm about his horse. He little knew he had been done."

"Look at him," he cried. "There's a horse for you. Look at them legs!"

"Very pretty," said Colonel Toler grinning. "Very nice legs, indeed. But don't they bag a bit at the knees?"

### Not As He Expected.

A big Atlantic liner is a fine sight at any time, but to some country yokels who had never seen anything like a boat or steamer in their lives she was splendid indeed.

The huge steamer lay in harbor, and visitors were allowed on board. As soon as the first man reached the decks he moved forward very cautiously towards the hatchways. The hatches were off, and, suddenly peering down, he cried out in great consternation to a man who was still on the quay:

"Aw say, Bill, coom oop and 'ave a look!"

"What's the matter?" cried Bill. "Why, dang me buttons if the thing ain't holler!"—"Answers."

### A Terrible Blunder.

Office Boy—Oh! there's been an awful time up in the editorial room, sir.

Magaper—What's the trouble?  
Office Boy—The commissionaire made a mistake and put the "No admittance" notice at the subscription office and the "Welcome" door mat in front of the editor's room—"Tatler."

### How He Saw It.

Wife—This book says that in India it is the custom to bury the living wife with her dead husband. Isn't it terrible!

Husband—Indeed it is! The poor husband—even death brings him no release.—Translated from "Strekoza."

## OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold Correspondence diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,  
48 Canada Life Bldg  
Klar St. West

HERBERT C. JAGUITE,  
Confederation Life Bldg

J. S. BACK,  
704 Temple Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. FROST,  
152 Bloor St. East.

GEORGE W. A. COOK,  
169 College Street.

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Spend Sunday at Home. Special Week-end Return Fares.

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Guelph	1.60
Hamilton	1.30
Ingersoll	3.00
Owen Sound	3.75
Peterborough	2.40
Woodstock	2.70

Good going Saturday and Sunday every week, returning any train following Monday.

For rates to many other points and tickets, call C.P.R. City Office, corner King and Yonge Streets.

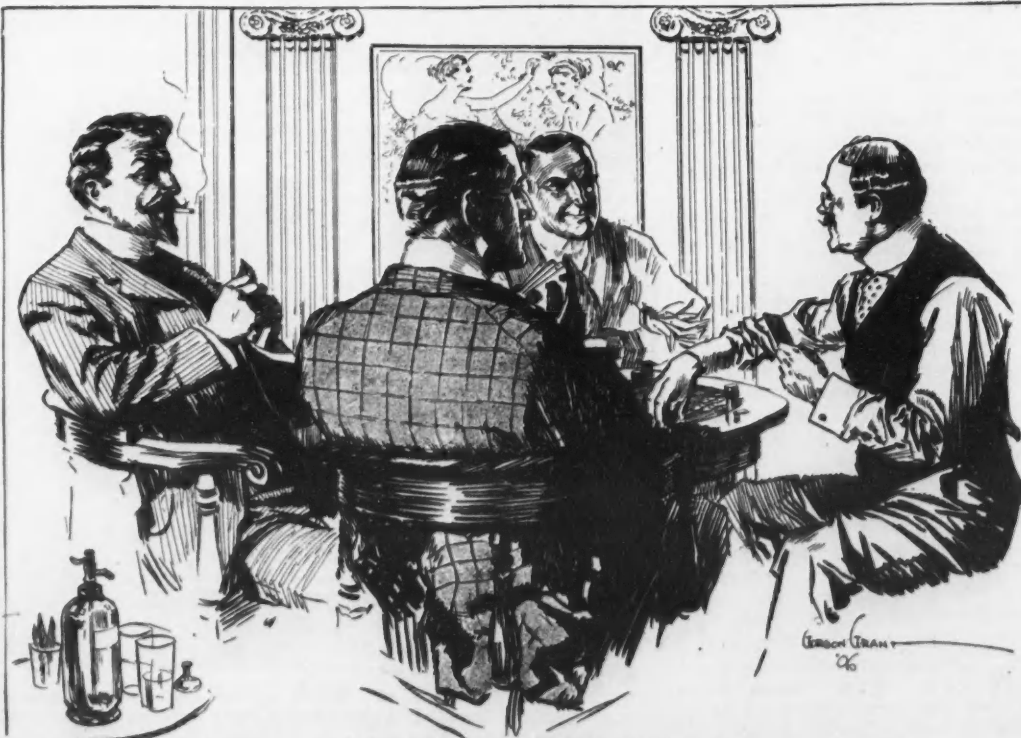
First Church of Christ Scientist,  
Boston, Mass.

Consult Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, New York Central Lines, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto, for full information about rates to Boston. Tickets sold good going June 2nd to 11th, good returning to June 18th, at single fare plus twenty-five cents for the round trip.

New York Central is the quickest and most direct line to Boston.

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" 19, Sat. .... Empress of Britain  
" 24, Thur. .... Lake Champlain  
" 31, Thur. .... Lake Erie  
June 14, Thur. .... Lake Manitoba  
" 23, Sat. .... Empress of Britain  
" 30, Sat. .... Lake Champlain  
July 7, Sat. .... Empress of Ireland  
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" 27, Mount Temple, 3rd " 26.50  
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Phone Main 2290, 80 Yonge Street.

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BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK

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Arr. " 1.15 p.m. 8.30 p.m.

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Lv. Toronto, 7.30 a.m. 11.00 a.m. 2 p.m. 5.15 p.m.  
Ar. " 10.30 a.m. 1.15 p.m. 4.45 " 8.30 p.m.  
City Ticket Office, Yonge St. Dock and A. F. Webster, King and Yonge Sts. Book Tickets now on sale at 14 Front St. East only.

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onto and Kingston leave Toronto 3.30 p.m., daily, except Sundays. From July 1, daily, for Rochester, 1,000 Islands, Rapids, St. Lawrence, Montreal and intermediate ports. Montreal, Quebec, and Saguenay lines now running.

For further information apply to any R. & O. ticket office or write H. Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Tommy—Papa, what is a consulting physician?

Papa—He is a doctor who is called in at the last moment to share the blame.—"Life."

## WINDSOR WEDDINGS

JUNE is now regarded as pre-eminently the bridal month of the year, but the town of Windsor, just across the river from Detroit, bears the distinction of being the most marrying town in the Province. Leaves have their time to fall and flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, as Mrs. Hemans has so kindly assured us, but the Windsor wedding has all times and seasons for its own. There is hardly a day in the week when the door-bell of manse, rectory, or parsonage is not a-ringing for a pretty but quiet housewarming. A sprightly parson of that town once remarked: "I hate to go to a funeral, for I am sure to miss two weddings." This remark has a shockingly worldly tone, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that the mercenary parson, after leaving Windsor for a less remunerative community, went into the insurance business and prospered greatly.

Whenever a minister is given a charge in Windsor the remark is heard: "Well, he'll be sure to have a lot of weddings," as if starvation could hardly be his fate while the hymenal torch holds out to burn. Probably the ministers of the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches fare better than those of the Anglican faith, as members of the last-named church as a rule prefer the conventional church wedding. It must be admitted that most of these bridal parties come from the "other side," and various reasons are assigned for their preference for the Canadian marriage ceremony. Many of them are, no doubt, former Canadians, who have a lingering sentiment in favor of their native land when it comes to such a momentous occasion as a wedding-day. One woman frankly declared that she would rather be married in Canada because divorce was a rare occurrence in the country and "the ceremony seemed more solid, somehow." Some years ago there was said to be an extremely foolish regulation in Detroit, by which those intending to enter the holy estate of matrimony were required to publish their names—and ages—in the local press. Can it be matter for surprise that blushing girls and shallow spinsters alike scorned to make such a declaration and preferred to take a three-minute's trip on the ferry rather than transgress all traditions of the sex?

Not long ago, several Windsorites, among whom were children of ministers who had profited by the many weddings of the town, were exchanging reminiscences of the border town. "I'll never forget the first wedding that my father had," said one woman. "I was a romantic school girl, aged sixteen, and was one of the witnesses. It was a runaway match, and the bride was extremely pretty. I have always remembered her name, 'Alice Maude,' as it appealed to my youthful fancy. Her mother was dead, and her step-father, in the attempt to secure her money, had placed her in a convent, and had informed the sisters that he was endeavoring to protect her from the attentions of a dissipated young man. The lover, who looked like a highly respectable citizen, managed to spirit her away from the convent, and they had travelled from Bay City to be married on British soil, as the girl's mother had been an Englishwoman. The young bridegroom told his story so frankly that we were all impressed, and took a deep interest in their course of true love. Just about ten minutes after they drove away a carriage dashed up and a furious step-father descended, who called down vengeance on the parson who had united the eloping couple. Years afterwards, when I was in Bay City I found that the bridegroom's story was too true, and that the wicked step-father had ended his days in prison. I called on 'Alice Maude' and her husband, who have a delightful home, and they insisted on buying me a pearl brooch, as I had received no bridesmaid's present at the time of the wedding."

"What I liked about the Windsor weddings," said a Toronto lawyer, whose father had once been in the Methodist church of the town, "was the size of the fee. Now, the average Canadian who comes to the parsonage to be married is in decidedly reduced circumstances, and seldom offers more than the legal two dollars. In fact, I have known some of them to offer less. One chap gave a dollar and a quarter. Another convulsed our household by counting out two dollars in ten-cent pieces on the parlor table. But the Michigan girl who came across had the proverbial American generosity in the matter of fees. Usually he handed my father a five-dollar gold piece, but frequently the payment for clerical services was a shining eagle. Then there was joy in the parsonage. The bride and bridegroom would hardly be out of the gate before there was a rush from the youthful witnesses, and the query 'How much was it, Dad?' I have one glorious memory about a Windsor wedding. I was just coming in from school when I met a happy couple at the gate. The bridegroom beamed upon me, and before he assisted his wife into the carriage said: 'Are you the minister's son?' 'Yes, sir,' I replied, with the feeling that there was something to be gained by the relationship. 'Here you are,' he replied jovially, pressing some-

thing hard and shining into my hand. I didn't dare to look at it until I reached the house, and there, before my unbelieving eyes, was a five-dollar gold piece. My father wanted me to put it away, but mother persuaded him to let me spend it, as it would teach me how to lay out my fortune wisely. I had a glorious time with that one small coin. I bought three paper-covered novels by Jules Verne, and made the household ill with peanut taffy. But it was magnificent while it lasted. I'm hoping for good news from Cobalt, but no other fortune will ever seem half so splendid as that early wind-fall."

"I wonder," said a cynical bachelor, "if the liberal bridegroom didn't feel like kicking himself six months afterwards." "We didn't hear from him," said the lawyer. "One of the most striking adventures we had was with a chap who had made a lot of money in lumber, and who had a breezy, rough-and-ready manner. His bride was a pretty, gentle little creature, of whom he was evidently very proud. Dad had read in solemn, ministerial tones that solemn question beginning, 'Wilt thou have this woman?' and ending, 'so long as ye both shall live.' Even when I was a kid, that question always gave me a chilly sensation. There was a pause for the reply, 'I will,' when to our confusion the gentleman addressed answered with the most atrocious twang, 'I'll subscribe to that.' I suppose it was legal, but it was highly disconcerting, and the ceremony almost broke up in confusion. The man was the right sort, however, for he paid twenty dollars for the privilege of expressing his views. The meanest man we ever had was one who promised to send a cheque in payment for the ceremony, and who forwarded a subscription for a wretched agricultural paper of which he was editor. I shouldn't be at all surprised to know that his wife was obliged to take in washing."

"The most sensational affair at our house," said a girl who had visited her ministerial uncle in Windsor, "was an interrupted wedding. My uncle was rather uncertain and nervous about the affair, as he thought the bridegroom was slightly intoxicated. So my uncle said to the man in a half-jesting way: 'Do you wish the word "obey" to be used?' The bridegroom looked decidedly angry, and shook his fist. 'Use it or not, just as you please. I'll see that she does.' His tone was decidedly brutal, and the woman was on her feet in a second. 'Well, I guess you won't,' she said sturdily. 'You ain't going to talk that way to Miranda Vokes.' Before the man could protest she had tied her bonnet-strings, and was down the walk. He watched her as she rapidly vanished, and, turning to us, said: 'Well, don't that beat the Dutch?' We approved of Miranda, who refused to make it up, and who was afterwards happily married to a meek little man. But it was an exciting occasion."

"I remember one very hot day in July, when two ponderous negroes appeared in bridal array. My uncle politely suggested that they would prefer an African clergyman, and offered to give them the address of such a dignitary. But they desired the services of a 'white bruddah,' and he was forced to proceed with the 'Dearly Beloved.' It was a trying ceremony, and I remember that the huge bride wore a bright pink dress. Windsor was a great town for the game of matrimony."

"The authorities in Michigan don't approve of Windsor weddings," said the woman who had told of "Alice Maude."

"Probably," said the cynical bachelor, "because they form a gigantic lottery."

CANADIENNE.

Like a Bachelor.

Dr. John V. Shoemaker, in a discussion of the euthanasia, or painless killing of incurables, according to the Chicago "Inter Ocean," said, among other things:

"There is something hard and inhuman about the euthanasia which forbids effectually our acceptance of it. The euthanasia is as unfeeling and cold as the average bachelor in a baby's presence."

"A bachelor visiting a married friend endeavored to amuse the six-months-old baby. He jumped it on his knee, tickled it and finally gave it his watch to play with."

"The watch was a small gold affair and the baby slipped it into its mouth. This made the bachelor smile."

"But the mother, perceiving what her darling child had done, leaped forward in the greatest terror."

"Oh! she cried. 'See the child! It has your watch in its mouth! It will swallow the watch!'"

"But the bachelor, with a laugh, hastened to reassure her."

"Don't be alarmed," he said. 'I've got hold of the chain, you see. It can't go far.'"

Curiosity.

Mark Twain told the spectators at the billiard tourney the other evening what he knew about the game, and kept them laughing while he talked. He said:

"The game of billiards has destroyed my naturally sweet disposition."

Once when I was an underpaid reporter in Virginia City, whenever I wished to play billiards I went out to look for easy marks. One day a stranger came to town and opened a billiard parlor. I looked him over casually. When he proposed a game I answered, 'All right.'

"Just knock the balls around a little, so that I can get your gait," he said, and when I had done so he remarked: 'I will be perfectly fair with you. I'll play you left-handed.' I felt hurt, for he was cross-eyed, freckled and had red hair, and I determined to teach him a lesson. He won first shot, ran out, took my half-dollar and all I got was the opportunity to chalk my cue."

"If you can play like that with your left hand," I said, 'I'd like to see you play with your right.'

"I can't," he said, 'I am left-handed.'—New York "World."

### LADY GAY'S COLUMN

JUST without the picket fence, where jockeys and horses and sports and saddlers and stablemen and gentlemen owners were bustling and huddling, stood a very little old woman, with a small, rusty old bonnet on her little, thin-covered head, and two worn and knobby hands clasped over the fence-pickets. She was talking to herself, softly, unceasingly, as the hurry was on within the enclosure for the first steeplechase, very quickly she muttered: 'It came over me that she was praying! The saddles were on; the horses circled round and began to do fine on to the track. A tall horse, with a very small, old-fashioned looking rider, imperceptibly slackened up as it passed the little, old woman, whose eyes were fixed on the boy. He just glanced at her with a widening of his already generous mouth and a wink of his near eye. When they had gone away, horses and riders, and I sought me a place to hide till the steeplechase should be over, I waited for one moment to say to the little, old woman as she also turned creeping away to the sheds: "That your boy, gran'ma?" "Me grandson, the only thing living belongs to me, lady dear! I'll stop me ears up and do me prayers again, till I'll see if he be kilt or not!" And away she went.

It must have been looking at the crazy quilt that set me dreaming! The crazy quilt was explained as formed of snippings and corners gathered all over the world, and one could recognize the Orient and the Equator, the torrid and the frigid zones, as one pored over its rich design. However, I fell asleep and dreamed I saw a great spirit with a great shears, snipping corners from continents and picking up islands, to form of them all a new world. It was funny enough when it was done, that new world, and in my dreams I floated over it and laughed at it. There was a corner of England pieced up with a wedge off a Russian peninsula; a crooked bit of China and a rocky slice off way down in Maine were side by side. A small Labrador settlement, stern and weatherproof, sat unsociably elbow to elbow with a California orange grove; and a dapper and joyous little French watering-place cheek by jowl with a fearsome, jagged patch from some savage African village. I could not tell you of the queer things one saw happening in this crazy new world. A weird form, with a huge, sharp rock in his hands, chased a lesser monster with the shape of a woman, and just as he had reached her, on murder bent, a big policeman stepped out of our section and arrested him; dainty little Javanese and quaint Koreans, with hats tied under their chins; Malays with next to nothing on; prim Cingalese with tortoise-shell circular combs in the straight, raven-black hair, and long, snowy robes; soldiers; peasants—each in their own little section of country, with trees and houses to match, and each going about their own business with perfect sang-froid. It was fascinating, and I floated spell-bound over the new world, as one can do in dreams, taking it all in. Presently I ventured to ask the spirit who had put it all together, "How do you intend to work it, as to climate, for instance?" He looked at me somberly, and sighed, "I think I'll just let 'em fight it out as best they can." I am told that there is no sense nor meaning in this dream, but neither is there in the crazy quilt, and when one has been lying awake for five consecutive nights alone with a sickness that gives no chance to sleep, and for five days been "living on one's hump," like the caravan camel, because one cannot swallow food, a freaky dream in a dozing five minutes can't be expected to exhibit the sense and finish of a prize essay!

It is good discipline to be sometimes laid away from one's carefully made plans and well-considered efforts, even under such distressful circumstances, if only to give one a new value for important and trivial concerns. When one is well, what a rudeness unpardonable to break a dinner engagement, to see teas simply float by, with unconcern, to leave the friends one promised to give the finest of times without even a telephone call! All this has been done, and not a grain of remorse has lit upon me. A stronger hand took the reins, and drove me as it listed this past week or so. Prithoe, good comrades, blame me not too hardly!

LADY GAY.

### Constipation, the Curse of the Nation

The Easy Way to Cure It.

Constipation is responsible for most of the ordinary ills of to-day. Upset stomach, indigestion, torpid liver, biliousness, headaches, are caused, nine times in ten, by Constipation.

Hunyadi Janos cures these troubles indirectly, because it cures Constipation. It not only makes the bowels move easily and freely—but it so strengthens and invigorates the muscles and nerves of the bowels that they soon move regularly and naturally without any further help. Hunyadi Janos is doing this the world over. It is famous for its health restoring qualities. It contains no drugs, no retching, gripping purgatives. It is a product of Nature, inviolable and perfect as everything that Nature produces. There is only one Hunyadi Janos.

All druggists sell it. Try a small bottle, it costs but a trifle.

### Jaeger Pure Wool



by stimulating the natural action of the system, clears the system of many unhealthy products, which if allowed to remain in the body would lower the vitality and create a feeling of oppressive heat during summer. To keep cool, fresh and fit during the hot weather wear Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear. Made in all sizes, styles and weights for ladies, gentlemen and children. From leading dealers in all principal cities. Write for Catalogue United Garment No. 31.

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Fancy Check Flannel Shirt, with Turnback Cuffs, from \$2

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An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

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The Most Nutritious and Economical.

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The new O'Keefe "Pilsener" Lager is the finest Beer ever brewed. And when you recall all O'Keefe's famous Lagers, Ales and Porters, it's easy to see why we are so proud of this new beer. It's just out—the most tantalizingly delightful Lager you ever drank. Remember that you want



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De Miracle

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, ray and depilatories. There are offered you on the MARKET WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not it. It is the only dermatologist medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope, for \$1.00 by De Miracle Medical Co., 115 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class drug stores, department stores and

The Roberts Manufacturing Co., Limited, Toronto.



### Prefaces Losing Vogue

PREFACES are the means by which authors attempt to anticipate critics. It takes a strong power of self-repression to launch a book on the market without a word of explanation or justification. The author fears to let his book be judged by what it is, lest foolish and presumptuous reviewers misunderstand. He is constrained, therefore, to point out that certain qualities which might be mistaken for faults are really merits. He must inform the public, also, of his motive in writing the book, recite the difficulties which he encountered and overcame, and express the ever novel wish that his readers may derive one-tenth as much enjoyment from reading the work as he got from composing it.

Those readers whose lax conscience permits them to skip the preface of a book have no just complaint against this vice of authors; but the reader who feels a puritanical sense of duty, when he takes up a book, that obliges him to read it through, is oppressed by prefaces, and has a right to demand relief.

Hypocrisy is the most striking quality of prefaces, for they pretend to have been written in advance of composing the book, whereas in truth the preface is an afterthought, a retrospective commentary upon the accomplished fact. From this hypocrisy proceeds the annoyance which the reader feels while perusing the author's prefatory remarks on a book with whose contents the reader is not yet acquainted. The author assumes in the reader a knowledge of the book which he knows the reader does not possess.

If prefaces were printed as epilogues, instead of as prologues, they might be tolerable; for the reader in cases is curious to discover what the author thinks of his own work. A book, however, ought as a rule to stand on its own bottom. If an explanation from the author is necessary at all it should be incorporated in the body of the work.

Fortunately, prefaces are going out of fashion. No modern publisher would permit a novelist to scare away readers by such appalling introductions as those with which Sir Walter prefaced his romances. In Scott the preface mania reached the height of frenzy. His long-winded historical preludes are almost as voluminous as the fine stories which they precede; and they have deterred many an inquisitive but over-conscientious reader from his books.

### The Old Fort

A BOOKLET by Miss Jean Earle Geeson of Toronto, giving a brief but comprehensive history of the Old Fort, has just been issued. It contains much information regarding the historic landmark, which is of especial interest at present on account of the renewal of the proposal to run street-car tracks through the property. Miss Geeson recounts how Governor Simcoe, who landed here in August, 1793, decided to make Toronto, or York, as it was then called, his military center, his expressed reasons being: "It possesses many eminent advantages, . . . and at a less expense may be rendered more easily impregnable than any place I have seen in North America." She notes that the first work in the direction of building the Fort was done by the men of

Simcoe's regiment, the "Queen's Rangers." The temporary stone magazine, which was blown up by our militia after the Fort had been captured by the Americans, in 1813, was built by General Brock the year previous. This explosion killed 220 Americans and sixty-two Canadians. The attacking force was on this occasion much superior in numbers and in arms to the defenders, but a most determined resistance was made. Many bodies of men killed in this fight have from time to time been dug up. The Fort was rebuilt in 1816, when it was dignified by the term of a "regular fortification." The booklet gives the details of the erection of the other buildings, and tells to what uses they have been put at different times. It points out that detachments of over one hundred different regiments have been quartered at the Old Fort in its time, among the famous British regiments garrisoned here being: The Queen's Rangers; the 1st Royal Scots; the 8th King's, many of whom fell in its defence; the 42nd and the 93rd Highlanders, both of which fought at Waterloo; the 71st Highlanders; the 19th Hussars, who fought at Queenston Heights; the 47th Lancashire, celebrated in the Peninsular War at Waterloo; a detachment of the 29th Regiment, under Captain (afterward General) Middleton; the 17th Bengal Tigers; the 24th Regiment, which was wiped out in India, and afterwards in the Zulu war of 1879; also the Newfoundland Regiment, and the 100th Regiment of Royal Canadian Rifles, which was raised in Canada for service in the Indian Mutiny, and afterwards disbanded in this country.

The pamphlet also notes the fact that "this same little Fort, built and garrisoned by Imperial troops, has in recent years furnished the equipment for the Canadian volunteers who served the Empire in the Fenian raids, the Riel rebellion, and the South African war." Altogether Miss Geeson has, in the compass of this little book, thrown much light on a subject of much interest to many Canadians.

### Fame.

Two Americans who were travelling in England made a devout pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and spent several days wandering about the neighborhood. One day they met a countryman, and, pausing, one of the pilgrims said:

"My friend, I envy you your life here among the fields that knew the Great Poet's youth. What sublime thoughts must come to you as you tread the paths his feet trod!"

The rustic simply stared and the American demanded if he knew of whom he was speaking, receiving a prompt negative.

"Why, of Shakespeare, man. You must know of him!" the pilgrim explained, stricken with horror.

After some coaxing the man finally admitted that he had heard of Shakespeare, and believed that he had "wrote for summat."

"And have you any idea for what he wrote—was it the 'Times'?" the American inquired with infinite sarcasm.

"Oh, it wasn't the Lunnion paper," the man said. "I know it was summat solemn like. I think it was the Bible, belike."

### A Drawing Card.

"I am going to open a new theater, and I wonder what announcement I ought to hang up at the door to attract the public."

"You might try: 'Admittance free.'"

—Translated from "Le Rire."

The heaven that sanctifies a marriage is the heaven it makes, rather than the heaven it may have been made in.—"Life."

### To Reform Foreign Correspondents

HOSE omniscient anonymities who compose despatches from foreign capitals for the British, the French, the German, the Italian, and the American press will be mightily offended by the formation of the Potentia Organization, a society of leading men in the several principal countries, whose purpose is mainly to counteract the effect produced on the public mind at home by false and inflaming news despatches from abroad, says the San Francisco "Bulletin."

In the opinion of the members of the Potentia Organization, among whom are Sir Vincent Caillard (England), Jules Claretie (France), Professor G. H. Darwin (England), Professor William Forster (Germany), Sir Michael Foster (England), Count Goblet d'Alviella (Belgium), Professor Lombroso (Italy), Jules Le Jeune (Belgium), and Professor Charles Richet (France), the foreign correspondent is a reckless and dangerous fomenter of discord between nations.

Much of the suspicion and animosity with which Great Britain and Germany regard each other has been created by sensational and mendacious correspondents in London and Berlin, who, with an air of being intimate in the secrets of diplomacy and of knowing vastly more than they are at liberty to tell, have played upon the passions of their readers at home. The American public before the war with Spain was inflamed by "yellow" despatches bearing the date lines of Madrid and Cuba, but many of them, probably, invented in New York city by journalists whose imaginations were livelier than their consciences. The American Government was goaded into that war by a violent and bellicose public opinion which had been intoxicated by newspaper fakes.

One who has not read misleading articles in the French, German, and English journals from their representatives in this country will hardly discount sufficiently the statements in the foreign correspondence published in the sensational press of this country. The accounts of the policy and disposition of the United States that appear in certain of the foreign newspapers would be extremely funny to an American, if he did not appreciate the injury which the iterated publication of such articles might do his country.

But while it is true that foreign correspondents in some cases abuse their power and do not always feel a sufficient sense of responsibility, it is difficult to imagine how the Potentia Organization will be able to reform the inflammatory scribbler. Accurate, well-informed, and cautious correspondents, and there are many such, do not gain the attention of the public at home with sane and conservative despatches. The only foreign news that the populace, as distinct from the intellectuals, will read breathes intrigue and impending war in every paragraph. Thrills the general reader demands and thrills he gets. Plot and counter-plot must pervade all the news from perfidious Albion; resentful, waiting France; aggressive, ambitious, watchful, Machiavellian Germany, and commercial, unscrupulous, domineering America; and each government must act strictly in character like the persons of a melodrama.

While the Potentia Organization is about its job of reforming the correspondents it might try its hand at reforming the designing diplomatists who whisper misleading information to correspondents. The inspired newspaper utterance is a stock tool of modern statesmen, and foreign correspondents are systematically cajoled into pulling foreign secretaries' chestnuts out of the fire.

### SCOTS WHA HAE.

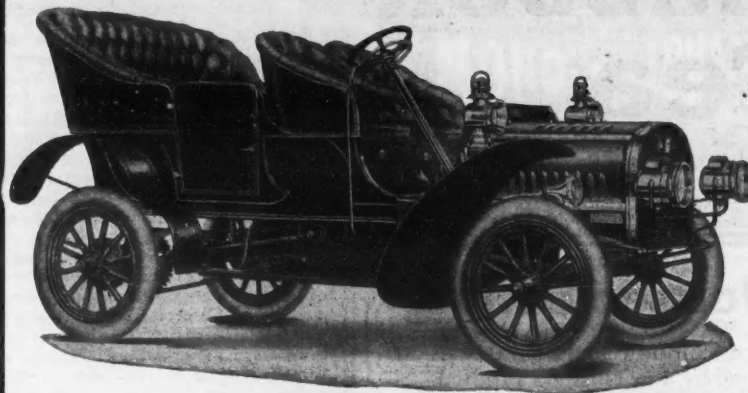
The recent elevation of Dr. Seath, a "mon frae Fifeshire."

The appointment of Dr. Seath as Superintendent of Education for Ontario is another indication of the ability of the Caledonian to get on in the world. The new official was born in Auchtermuchty in Fifeshire, and that very fact ought to be a proof of his ability. They are very intelligent people in Fife, as anyone will say who comes from there. Fortunately, however, there are other proofs besides these mere statements of interested persons. There is in the window of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming a fine Gourlay piano, which, in a few days, is to be sent to Fifeshire as a wedding present. This is the first Gourlay to be sent to the British Isles, and there is particular interest in the shipment, for the reason that the senior member of the firm manufacturing the piano is a Scotchman. Fife is his native shire. The fame of the "Gourlay" as a real high-grade piano and one of the finest art products of Canadian industry is rapidly spreading throughout the world. It is made by expert workmen, many of them from European countries, and the materials used are the best that money can procure. The resultant instrument is a marvel in piano-building.

### An "Anonymous Letter."

A certain Congressman from Virginia has long retained in his employ a colored man by the name of Ezekiel. One morning the master left the house, leaving behind him a letter he had forgotten. Some time in the af-

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cation, and, as it was of some import, he remembered the communication, he hastened back home, only to find that the letter was nowhere to be seen in his library. He had a distinct recollection that the letter had been left on a table. He summoned Ezekiel and asked if he had seen the letter.

"Yassah, yo' leff it on yo' table." "Then where is it now?"

"I mailed it, sah."

"You mailed it! Why, Zeke, I had not put the name and address on the envelope!"

"Jes' so, sah! I thought it was one of dem anonymous letters."—"American Spectator."

### The Unfailable You.

When you've settled down at night,  
Locked your door, put out the light,  
When you've shut the world from out  
your little room,  
When you've stopped your daily  
work

At the coming of the morn',  
Then you're face to face with truth,  
amid the gloom.

For there's no one there to fool,  
And your judgment dares be cool,  
While the thoughts you face are merciless and true;  
You may hoax the world, my boy,  
With the tactics you employ,  
But you've not succeeded yet in fooling you.

In the daily grist of toil,  
In the treadmill and the mill,  
In vicissitudes of traffic, you are wont  
To be tempted to cajole,  
Coaxed to jeopardize your soul—  
Life is battle; we must smile and bear the brunt.

But at night when all is still,  
When the tension's off your will,  
Comes the truth that must be recognized as true,  
You may fool some people, boy,  
With the methods you employ,  
But you'll never find it easy fooling you.

—Chicago "News."

### "Prove It! Prove It!"

Edward Stevens, the actor, first decided he was born to go on the stage when he was a young man in San Francisco.

He tried for several engagements and got none in the drama. Then he thought he would make a start in vaudeville.

He went around to the leading variety house and was shown into the manager's office. The manager was an old German, very cross and very busy, and with no high opinion of actors.

"Vat you vant?" he asked.

"I want a job," stammered Stevens.

"A job? Vot you do?"

"I am a comedian."

"Oh, a comicker, eh?" He turned fiercely on the shrinking young chap and roared: "Vell, make me laugh!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

### That Settled It.

"Why do you think the plaintiff insane?" a witness, examined as to somebody's mental condition, was asked by the counsel at a trial.

"Because," replied the witness, "he is continually going about asserting that he is the Prophet Mohammed."

"And pray, sir," retorted the learned gentleman of the wig, "do you think that when a person declares he is the Prophet Mohammed that is a clear proof of his insanity?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"Because," answered the witness, regarding the questioner with easy complacency, "I happen to be the Prophet Mohammed myself."—"Tit-Bits."

### It Was His Only Tie.

One morning, as Mark Twain returned from a neighborhood morning call, sans necktie, his wife met him at the door with the exclamation:

"There, Sam, you have been over to the Stowe's again without a necktie! It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!"

Her husband said nothing, but went up to his room.

A few minutes later his neighbor—Mrs. S.—was summoned to the door

by a messenger, who presented her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by the following note:

"Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have?—Mark Twain."—"Ladies' Home Journal."

### Made Him Feel Serious.

Love had just laughed at the locksmith.

"Why don't you laugh at the milliner and the landlord and the grocer?" asked a bystander.

"Because," replied Love, "they always make me feel mighty serious."—Houston "Post."

Little Tommy was very quiet during the first courses, and everyone forgot he was there. As the dessert was being served, however, the host told a funny story.

When he had finished, and the laughter had died away, his little son exclaimed, delightedly, "Now, papa, tell the other one."—Exchange.

### The Effect.

"I think that my speech on this question will have some effect."

"It has already had an effect," answered Senator Sorghum. "You have caused two or more questions to grow where there was but one before."—Washington "Star."

"I want to know," said the irate matron, "how much money my husband drew out of this bank last week."

"I can't give you that information, ma'am," answered the man in the cage.

"You're the paying-teller, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I am not the telling-payer."

"Here is a ha'penny for you, my man, and pray tell me how you came to be so miserably poor."

Mendicant—Ah, sir! I was like you—too fond of givin' large sums of money to the poor.—"Tatler."



MR. ROBERT STUART PIGOTT,

Who plays the leading male role in "Liberty Hall," the Toronto Press Club play at Shea's next Friday and Saturday.





THE musical season of 1905-6 will be remembered chiefly for its increased production of oratorio and symphonic works; for the first performances of Beethoven's Ninth Choral Symphony, of Wagner's music drama, "The Valkyrie"; the revival after a long lapse of years of Verdi's opera, "Aida"; for the first appearance of the great sopranos, Mesdames Gaski and Emma Eames; the farewell of Albani; the first appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the local debut of that little witch of the violin, Marie Hall. The event that caused the most discussion and interest was the performance of the Beethoven Symphony by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra, a performance that covered our local chorus and their conductor, Mr. Vogt, with glory that was not confined to Toronto. The singing of the choral part of this gigantic composition, so exacting in its vocal demands, was the supreme achievement of choir singing in the history of Toronto. A few envious attempts were made to dim the lustre of the choir's effort by asserting that the movements with voices had been transposed, but the statement has been authoritatively denied by Mr. Vogt and the members of his choir.

An encouraging feature of the season's work was the liberal supply of novelties. Among the first performances, in addition to those already mentioned, were Tchaikovsky's "Italian Caprice," by the Irish Guards Band and subsequently by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Schumann's Symphony in C major, Op. 61, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Sir Frederick Bridge's cantata, "The Flag of England," the Mendelssohn Scotch Symphony, Sir Edward Elgar's Introduction and Adagio for strings, the Symphonic Suite "Scherezeade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff at the concerts of the National Chorus and the New York Symphony Orchestra; Grieg's dramatic cantata, "Olav Trygvason," Strauss' love scene from his "Feuersnot," Boygault-Ducoudray's symphonic poem, "Burial of Ophelia," by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra; Tchaikovsky's "Serenade Melancolique" for violin, by Kubelik; an arrangement of Schubert's "Omniopotence," and the fragments of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, "Loreley," by the Schubert Choir, Tchaikovsky's "Pezzo Elegiac" by the Toronto Ladies' Trio, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's cantata, "The Last Post," by the People's Choral Union. This is a record of which musical Toronto may be proud.

The musico-religious wants of the public were amply satisfied by an exceptional number of oratorio productions. Dr. Torrington and his Festival Chorus gave the "Messiah," the "Redemption," and Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," with Albani; Mr. Vogt's church choir, Gounod's "Gallia," with Emma Eames; the Sherlock Oratorio Society, Handel's "Samson," with Janet Spencer as solo contralto; the Schubert Choir, "The Omnipotence," with Mme. Shanna Cumming as solo soprano; the choirs of the Church of the Redeemer, St. Anne's and Wesley, Stainer's "Crucifixion," to say nothing of many motets.

It will be gathered from the above that local activity in music was very great. In addition to the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir (four), the Festival Chorus (three), National Chorus (two), Sherlock Oratorio Society, Schubert Choir, and the People's Choral Union (one each), recitals were given by Messrs. Harry Field, Frank Welsman, J. D. A. Tripp, the late Douglas Bertram, Elizabeth Topping, Eugene Quehen, Abbie May Helmer, pianists; Lina Adamson, Lena Hayes, Frank Smith, violinists; R. S. Pigott, and Arthur Blight, vocalists.

Among the foreign star vocalists who visited us the most complete, the most surprising, the most satisfying triumph was won by Mme. Gaski, who proved herself the possessor of a beautiful voice and a splendid interpretative genius. Her singing at her single recital inspired her hearers with the fervent hope that it will not be long before she comes here again. Emma Eames, Nordica, Calvé, Albani, sang to appreciative audiences.

The three great violinists who appeared were Kubelik, Marteau, and Marie Hall. The little English girl, it is safe to say, made the greatest impression with the public, and quite played her way into the hearts of her audiences. Ottie Chew, a talented artist of lesser fame, also gave one recital, which, however, was poorly patronized. Foreign pianists were not much in evidence. Arthur Rubinstein, a rising young pianist, made a favorable impression at his one recital.

Chamber music was well looked after by the Conservatory String Quartette, a quartette led by Mr. Grattan, and the Toronto Ladies' Trio, and was glorified by the finished performances of the Kneisel Quartette, who were brought here by the Women's Musical Club.

The supply of grand opera was as

A most successful violin recital was given at the Conservatory of Music hall Tuesday evening, May 22nd, by pupils of Mrs. B. Drechsler Adamson and Miss Lina Drechsler Adamson before a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Ruby Warren and Master Ritchie Sloan, who appeared for the first time in public, acquitted themselves with great credit. Miss Isabelle Wighton played with grace and delicacy. Although suffering from nervousness, Miss Edna Clark rendered Viotte's Adagio with good taste. Miss Nellie Smith of Oshawa was noted for her brilliancy and fine singing tone. Miss Minnie Conner played with great clearness of technique, her staccato bowing being particularly worthy of note. Mr. George Rutherford played Spohr's difficult concerto, No. 8, with purity of tone, surmounting the technical difficulties with comparative ease. The playing of all the pupils reflected credit on their teachers. Able assistance was given by talented pupils of Mr. R. S. Pigott, Dr. Fisher, and Dr. Ham.

Mr. Vogt completes the work of the reorganization of the chorus of the Mendelssohn Choir for next season this week. The standard of the admission to the chorus is being raised each year, with the result that it is confidently expected that the chorus of 1906-07 will be by far the most brilliant ever enrolled under Mr. Vogt's baton. An exceptionally fine men's choir is being enrolled this year, both tenors and basses being much in advance of any previous season. The brilliant soprano section of last year will also be surpassed in next year's chorus, and many excellent voices have been added to the alto section, which is being strengthened in every way. Mr. Vogt is leaving no stone unturned to present at the four Toronto concerts of next February and the Buffalo and New York concerts a chorus which shall be representative in all its sections of the very best choral material of Toronto.

The choir of Trinity Methodist church on Friday evening of last week presented the retiring organist, Miss Edith Miller, with a handsome candelabra and a picture of the choir. The congregation in their turn presented her with a purse of gold and a cabinet of silverware.

A letter was read from Mr. H. C. Cox, the retiring treasurer of the choir, in which was shown the work of the choir, financially, for the past eight years. The following officers were then elected: G. H. D. Lee, president; F. McMahon, vice-president; W. Procter, treasurer; N. Price, secretary; F. G. McLean, corresponding secretary; F. W. Taylor, librarian; L. Fielding, F. Booth, assistant librarians; committee, Misses J. Williams, M. Flewelling, C. Lancelotti, M. McCarthy, and officers. Mr. Kirby then spoke briefly on the prospects for the ensuing year, and also expressed himself as being very well satisfied with the work of the choir. Mr. Peter Kennedy is the new organist and assistant choirmaster. Mr. Kennedy has been for a number of years organist and choirmaster of Cowan avenue Presbyterian church, and was previously with Chalmers Presbyterian church. He has had over fifteen years' experience in church music.

The Toronto College of Music annual concert will be given this month at the beginning of the musical season of 1906-07 in Massey Hall, when a representative programme will be presented with full orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Torrington. Dr. Torrington goes West to conduct the college examinations early this month.

Miss Beatrice Marshall, a brilliant pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, made a pronounced success in her piano recital on Tuesday evening last at the Conservatory of Music before an audience large and enthusiastic. Miss Marshall has a splendid musical temperament, a touch that is firm yet tender, and powerful where brilliancy is required, and good interpretative powers. She has good command of the resources of the instrument, and her career, just commencing, will be watched with much interest. Miss Marshall had the able assistance of Miss Helen Grantham in the duo for two pianos, the ensemble of which was excellent. Miss Gertrude Weart, a pupil of Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, made a brilliant success in her song, and Mr. George Caplan, Mr. Blackford's talented violin pupil, acquitted himself most creditably in his solo. The entire programme was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2; German (vocal), "Love, the Peddler;" (a) Liszt, Liebestraum, No. 3; (b) Chopin, Polonaise Militaire; Chopin, Etudes, Nos. 3 and 5, Op. 10; Rheinberg, "The Chase;" De Bériot (violin), Air Varié, No. 7; Liszt, Les Preludes (symphonic poem), arranged for two pianos.

A piano recital of unusual interest was given in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Wednesday afternoon last by a number of advanced pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt. The programme comprised the following exacting compositions: Saint-Saens' Marche Heroique, Op. 34; Chopin's Ballade in G minor, Op. 23, Impromptu in G flat; Liszt's Ballade in B minor, Concert Etude in D flat and Cantique d'Amour; Smetana's Etude, "By the Seashore;" Hiller's F sharp minor Concerto; Schumann's Faschingschwank; and Paul Juon's Humoresque, Op. 12, No. 3. The performance revealed an ex-

ceptionally high order of technical brilliancy on the part of the performers and an artistic breadth of style and beauty of tone characteristic of the pupils of Mr. Vogt. Those who participated were Misses Pauline Biedermann, Wilma Warne, Lillie Shannon, Jessie Allen, Mabel Will, and Master Ernest Seitz.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley's pupils were heard in a very interesting song recital in the Conservatory Hall on Monday evening. The audience present was decidedly musical and not sparing in applause. Mrs. Bradley was ably assisted by Miss Norah Hayes (violinist), pupil of Miss Lena M. Hayes, and Miss Mona Bates (pianist), pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher. The programme included the following numbers: Gumbert (duet), "Cheerfulness," Misses Grace Stone and E. Maude McCormack; M. V. White, "The Spring Has Come," Miss Agnes Murphy; Aylward, "Love's Coronation," with violin obligato, Miss Lillian Willcocks; Sparrow, "An April Arcady," Miss Minnie Robinson; St. Quentin, "The Dream Angel," Mr. C. Clive Gray; Dreamer, Serenade (Ruy Blas), Miss Genevieve Whaley; Mendelssohn (violin), Andante and Finale from Concerto, Miss Norah Hayes; Newton, "The Magic Month of May," Miss Pearl DeGuerre; Schleiffarth, "Merrily I Roam," Miss E. Maude McCormack; Needham, "The Barley Sheaves," Miss Beatrice Ridley; Chopin (piano), Bolero, Miss Mona Bates; St. Quentin (duet), "Beyond," Miss Pearl DeGuerre and Mr. C. Clive Gray; Gounod, Jewel Song ("Faust"), Miss Grace Stone; Concone, "Judith," Miss Lillian Willcocks.

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## ANECDOTAL

A lady going from home for the day locked everything up well, and for the grocer's benefit wrote on a card: "All out. Don't leave anything." This she stuck on the front door. On her return home she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added: "Thanks; we haven't left much."

On the morning of the earthquake a fashionable Eastern woman who was living at the St. Francis came down to breakfast attired in her nattiest morning gown. Noticing the confusion prevailing, she asked: "Why, what's the matter?" "Didn't you feel the earthquake?" "Certainly, but I thought you had such things in San Francisco all the time."

A wealthy American's aunt had died in Australia, and, wishing to have her buried in the family lot in her native town, he cabled for the remains to be sent to America. When the coffin arrived he was amazed to discover a soldier in the full uniform of a general. He cabled his astonishment at the error and received this concise explanation: "Keep the general. Your aunt has been accidentally buried with full military honors."

At a small bank in one of the growing towns of the West much of the business comes from the rural districts. One day an old farmer stepped in and looked awkwardly around. It was his first visit to a bank. Advancing to the counter he laid down a long, heavy purse. "You wish to deposit some money?" said the cashier. "Yes," said the old man, "I want you to put this in so't my ancestors can get it any time they want it."

Jack was making a visit to his grandparents, who owned a large dairy. He had been forbidden to touch the tempting pans of rich cream. One day his grandmother caught him coming up from the cellar with a very suspicious white rim over his upper lip. "Jack," she said severely, "I am afraid you have been disturbing my pans of cream." "No, I haven't, grandma; I just ran my tongue gently over the top."

The inclination of the San Francisco papers of the day, each to go their competitors one better, is well demonstrated by orders issued by the "Call" and "Chronicle" respectively. French of the "Chronicle," on the Wednesday evening after the earthquake: "The 'Chronicle' men will meet at the 'Chronicle' to-morrow at one, if there is any 'Chronicle.'" McNaught of the "Call" ordered that: "Call" men will meet to-morrow at the Fairmount at one, if there is any to-morrow."

When Andrew Carnegie first spoke of taking up golf he was advised by Baillie MacKenzie of Edinburgh to lay out a golf course at Skibo castle. "If you take to golf," said the baillie, "you will add ten years to your life." "Do you say so?" said Mr. Carnegie. "If you can add ten years to my life I will make you a present of \$2,000,000." "Well," replied the canny magistrate, "I can't just exactly do that, but I'll play you for the \$2,000,000 over your own green." The offer was not accepted.

These American jokes seem to be good only in the States, don't they know? I was dining with an American last summer, and after he had finished his fish he said to the waitress, "Bring me a glass of water; this fish wants to swim." Good joke, bah Jove. When I got back to Lunnon I tried it at my first dinner; we had no fish, so when we got to the veal chops I said, "Waitah, bring me a glass of water; this calf wants to drink;" and, don't you know, they laughed at me and not at the joke.

Not many men were as ready in reply as was the late Patrick Collins, Mayor of Boston. At the very opening of his mayoralty came full proof of this. There was a knock on the door of the municipal chief executive's office, and in response to Mr. Collins' "Come in," entered a diminutive messenger boy. "Oh, 'scuse me," said he, in a tone that suggested both disappointment and apology; "I was lookin' for de Mayor." "Well, I'm Mr. Collins," replied that official reassuringly. "But I tought you was short?" stammered the other. And His Honor replied, "You're quite right. Can you lend me five?"

Bishop Olmsted of Colorado was talking at a dinner party in Denver

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about June weddings. "June is a lovely month," he said, "and that it should be the month of all months for weddings is a fact easily understood. I was amused by the remark a jeweler made the other day. The jeweler said that at this season it is a very common thing to see a well-dressed, handsome, intelligent-looking young man come into his shop and say, in a painfully nervous way: 'Um, ah, er—er—ah, er—ha, um—' In this contingency the jeweler simply calls to his clerk, 'Get out that tray of engagement rings, Jackson.'"

A chemist who for many years was the manager of a concern in Massachusetts manufacturing various high-grade explosives, recently revisited the place of his former employment. During a talk with his old friends of the institution, he made inquiry with reference to a certain colleague by the name of Jenkins. "By the way," said the chemist, "what has become of Jenkins? Fine fellow." "Fine chap, indeed!" agreed the foreman, "and very skilful in the use of chemicals. But a little absent-minded—Jenkins. See that discoloration on the wall over there?" "Why, yes; but what has that to do with Jenkins?" "That is Jenkins."

An incident that happened long enough ago to make its telling harmless began with the meeting of two old friends in the street. Locking arms, so runs the tale, they strolled slowly along, discussing various topics. Personal ones were touched upon at last, and after exchanging family solicitudes for several moments, the Judge asked the Major: "And dear, old Mrs. —, your aunt? She must be rather feeble now. Tell me, how is she?" "Buried her yesterday," said the Major. "Buried her? Dear me, dear me! Is the good old lady dead?" "Yes, that's why we buried her," was the Major's method of ending the subject.

Norman Hapgood, the journalist and essayist, was discussing American newspapers. "It is not enough that our papers shall tell the truth," he said. "Truth-telling in itself is not particularly wise or praiseworthy. Indeed, it is sometimes the reverse. Thus a young man called on a young lady one spring morning very early. He had his automobile along. He wanted to give the young lady a morning spin through the country. A little girl, the young lady's niece, answered the bell. 'Is your aunt in?' said the young man. 'Yes, sir,' said the little girl. 'That's good. Where is she?' he went on. 'She's upstairs,' said the little girl, 'in her nightgown, looking over the balustrade.'"

A story is told of a young wife who knew little of housekeeping. She was, in consequence of that inexperience, disposed to stand a bit in awe of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, for she felt sure they must be aware of the extent of her ignorance in household matters. She ordered only such things as she was absolutely sure of, and she made her interviews with the tradesmen as brief as possible. One morning there came to her house a collector of ashes. "Ash-ees! ash-ees!" she heard him calling in stentorian tones. As the cry was repeated again and again, she became more and more perplexed as to what "ash-ees" meant. Finally, she went to the gate in the rear and opened it. "Ash-ees?" came in guttural question from the man. The young wife hesitated for a moment; then, drawing herself up to a dignified attitude, she replied coldly: "No, I don't think I care for any to-day."

## The Output and Earnings of Authors.

H. G. Wells, in his youth, often wrote 8,000 words a day, says a publisher, but he can do this no longer. His output is now but 1,000 words a day—300,000 words a year—two books. George Moore has at times written 10,000 words a day, but as a rule he only writes 500 words, and there are times when, for days at a stretch, he destroys every line written. Conan Doyle once wrote a story of 12,000 words at a sitting. It was one of the best of the "Sherlock Holmes" series, too. This writer's average output, though, is below 1,000 words a day. Clyde Fitch does 500 words a day. Pinero does 300. Joseph Conrad does 800. W. W. Jacobs does 400. Hall Caine does 1,000. J. M. Barrie does 600. Henry James does 1,000. W. D. Howells does 1,000.

The same publisher, in giving a list of the writers who make the largest incomes, groups together Barrie, Hall Caine, Pinero, Miss Corelli, and, alas, Clyde Fitch. He says that for writers it is a bad year that brings in less than \$5,000. Marion Crawford, H. G. Wells, and Conan Doyle make \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year. As for the rest, not one makes less than \$5,000, and in lucky years this minimum is tripled or quadrupled.

## Omnipresent Combines.

"I see that the metal bed and spring combine has advanced ten per cent." "These combines are after us sleeping or waking."—Cleveland "Plain-dealer."

## Variety.

She—Don't you get tired of this modern life, with its heartburnings, its longings, its cruel disappointments, its unutterable inadequacy? He—Oh, yes. But always just about that time some new girl comes along.—"Life."

## BROWN'S BLACK EYE

In a certain street in a certain quarter of the city where a cab is an unusual sight, where children are plentiful, and where neighboring women exchange evening papers and family confidences over the back yard fence, there lives a friend of mine. He is an excellent friend, because he interests me deeply. I have never been in his house, never even seen him in his "Sunday clothes," yet I feel I could describe both with some degree of exactitude. The fortunate circumstance which brought him under my observation was—

But that is of no consequence. The day after "the 24th" I met him, and he had a black eye.

"Hello, Brown," said I, "what have you been doing to yourself?" Brown is strictly unconventional, but he made a conventional reply.

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir," said he, "I did a mighty stupid thing last night—went down cellar for some coal in the dark, and fell over a wash-tub that was standin' in the way."

"So your interesting and fastidious friend Brown went home drunk," I hear you say. "Such persons always get drunk on a holiday."

You are wrong. Brown is frankly human, and has his faults, else I should not find him interesting. He smokes a strong black pipe, his language is marked by many racy and picturesque colloquialisms, and frequently he takes a drink. But he never gets drunk. That is the reason that his answer puzzled me. As to the story about falling in a dark cellar, I had to use "Gregory Gold-finch's" expression, heard that one. My curiosity regarding Brown's black eye was therefore thoroughly aroused. He is too fat and good-natured to have got into a fight. So purely in the interest of literature I investigated the occurrence, and discovered that Brown, if he had cared to account for his black eye with his usual candor, would, instead of offering me an oft-told tale, have related his experiences of the evening in question somewhat as follows:

"Well, sir, you remember what a hot day the 24th was. The missus and myself went over to the Island, and we got so everlastingly jammed and banged around that when I went to bed, what with the heat and bein' so tired, I couldn't sleep a wink. It must have been about twelve o'clock when I heard a lot of whispering and talking outside. By the light at the corner I could see two young people standin' on the sidewalk talkin' 'O-ho!' I says to myself, 'there's that young rascal Tom Smith makin' love to my Mary Jane again, after I forbid him comin' around.' A few words came floatin' up once in a while.

"We've known each other quite a long while now, haven't we?" says Tom.

"Yes," simpered the girl.

"Is there anybody else—"

"I didn't wait to hear any more. 'I'll put a stop to this performance,' I says to myself. So I grabbed the comforter that I'd thrown off the bed, ran downstairs, and sallied out the back door. There's a couple of boards off the back fence, and I crawled through, and was on them before they knew it. Tom is only a bit of a cub, so I didn't strike him, but grabbed him and started to shake him.

The next thing I knew I saw more stars than there were in the sky that night, and I was so paralyzed that I jumped for my back fence quicker than I ever jumped before. The girl happened to get in Tom's way, and I knew the road better than he did, so that I got back into the yard without too much damage to myself. But you should have seen the comforter! Just as I got nicely settled in bed again my wife woke up.

"Is Mary Jane in yet?" I asked her.

"In yet? Why she was in before you went to bed, and hain't been out since. Why?"

"Oh, I thought she was out," I growled.

"In the mornin' I let on I wasn't very well, so that I wouldn't have to get up early. Presently Mrs. Jones, who lives next door, came to the fence to borrow some oatmeal, and as I stood at the window I heard her say to my wife: 'Did you hear any queer noises in the night, Mrs. Brown? You didn't! Well, there was queer goin' on, I can tell you. You know our Angelina has been havin' attentions paid to her by George Lee for quite a long time, but somehow he could never get up courage enough to pop the question. Well, last night they had just come home from the Majestic, and were standin' talkin' on the sidewalk when somebody dressed up just like a ghost ran up and started to shake George. George didn't do a thing to the ghost, I tell you, and chased it right into your yard. I don't know where it went then. Angelina was terrible frightened, but George says, 'Don't you care, Angelina; it was very likely some fellow who's jealous of us goin' together!' And they settled it right there and then that they'd get married."

"That was enough for me. I caught the cat and shut it up in the bed-room, so my wife would think it had torn her best white quilt, and then went down town without waitin' for my breakfast. I told her that I hurt my eye at the factory."

I have reason to believe that Brown's wife was as incredulous regarding the story she was told of the black eye as I was regarding the fall-

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in-the-cellar explanation. I have also reason to believe that Brown, in adjusting the matter, found his wife even more interesting than I find him.

HAL.

## Oh, No!

Mr. Michael Dempsey says that he was once in a small Southern town during a very hotly contested election, and that the press of the surrounding cities were agitated over the alleged intimidation of the negro voters. One evening at the hotel he asked a citizen, who seemed to be communicative:

"Do you people here really intimidate the negroes?"

"Intimidate 'em? Now can you tell me when you also'bed that idea? Intimidate 'em? Wah, no."

Both gentlemen exhaled their cigar smoke, and the citizen continued:

"At elections held in this town, suh, theh is no intimidation of the niggah. We have ouh vigilance committee, of cou'se, and on election day it does its duty. The polls, say, ah down

this lane. In that case a membe' of the committee would sit in that window over theh with his rifle, and when we are seated would be anotheh, likewise with a rifle. If a niggah ca'es to vote, suh, he may vote, but theh is no intimidation, I assu'e you."—Cincinnati "Commercial Tribune."

## Too Much "Funny Business."

A justice of the peace out West was hurriedly called upon one day to perform a marriage ceremony.

It appears that the bridegroom, a big rancher, very roughly dressed, had brought his prospective bride with him to the office of the justice, thinking to secure his license and have the ceremony performed at one visit. The latter sent him out to procure a license, and soon the ranchman was back again.

"Waal, then," he said, "we're ready; go ahead!"

"But you'll have to secure two witnesses," smilingly observed the justice, "before I can proceed."

At this the rancher demurred, say-

ing that he did not care for witnesses. Nevertheless, he was convinced in a moment that this formality was an indispensable one, and accordingly the necessary witnesses were procured and the ceremony began. When the couple had promised to love, obey, etc., together with the rest of the service, the justice of the peace quite innocently observed that the bridegroom should "kiss the bride."

Thereupon the rancher exhibited fresh impatience at the exactions of the official. "Look here!" he exclaimed, angrily, "it seems to me that you're draggin' in a lot of funny business in this weddin'. Why, I kissed her before we came in!"

"How would you advise me to proceed in order to attract public attention to my statesmanly abilities?" "There are two ways," answered Senator Sorghum; "one is to read up all the works on political economy you can find, and the other to remember all the funny stories you hear."—Washington "Star."



# Imperial Bank of Canada

Proceedings of the Thirty-first Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, Held at the Banking House of the Institution, in Toronto, on Wednesday, 23rd May, 1906.

The Thirty-first Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the Charter at the Banking House of the Institution, 23rd May, 1906.

There were present:—  
Wm. Ramsay of Bowland, Honorable Robert Jaffray, D. R. Wilkie, Elias Rogers, J. Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt, Peleg Howland, Cawthra Mulock, Honorable Richard Turner (Quebec), Miss Hannah Robinson, E. B. Oster, M.P., Clarkson Jones, Ralph K. Burgess, Honorable Richard Harcourt, J. F. Junkin, A. E. Webb, Major Napier Keeler, W. Gordon Jones, T. R. Boys, A. A. McFall (Bolton), William Black (Cobourg), W. C. Crowther, A. Foulds, Frank Beemer, M.D. (Hamilton), Rev. T. W. Paterson (Deer Park), Henry Goodenham, Alexander Nairn, Charles A. Pison, David Wheelahan (Campbellville), Richard Foster (Bowmanville), C. B. Bingham, Cecil Merritt (London, England), Wm. G. May (Oshawa), A. C. Morris, A. P. Burritt, Prof. Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., James Bicknell, K.C., Edward Hay, R. H. Temple John Stark, Edward Archer, H. G. Boomer, Stuart Playfair, J. G. Ramsey, John W. Beatty, Andrew Semple, W. W. Vickers, F. G. Logan, Lyndhurst Ogden, R. N. Gooch, Thomas Wainley, Charles O'Reilly, M.D., George E. R. Cockburn, C. C. Ross, Harry Viggon, R. D. Perry, W. T. Jennings, H. S. Mara, C. H. Wethey, Ira Standish, W. Cecil Lee, W. Gibson Cassels, C. F. Rice, E. Chantler, John Flett, E. S. Ball, R. W. Thompson, Wm. Jephcott, J. J. Bell, T. Mortimer, J. H. Eddis and others.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and the Assistant General Manager, Mr. E. Hay, was requested to act as Secretary.

Moved by Prof. Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., Seconded by Andrew Semple: That Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, Mr. R. H. Temple and Mr. W. Gibson Cassels be and are hereby appointed Scrutineers. Carried.

The Assistant General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

## THE REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the shareholders their Thirty-first Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as on 30th April, 1906, giving the result of the business of the Bank for the financial year (eleven months), which ended that day.

The net profits of the year after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, for interest on unmatured bills under discount, for the usual contributions to the Pension and Guarantee Funds and providing for Provincial and other taxation, amount to \$535,786.20, which has been applied as follows:—

(a) Dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum have been paid amounting to.....\$335,406 23

(b) Bank premises and furniture account has been credited with.....100,000 00

(c) Profit and loss account has been increased by.....100,379 97

The premium amounting to \$927,741.50 received on new capital stock, the issue of which was authorized on the 15th June, 1902, and which was allotted to shareholders on 30th June, 1905, has been transferred in bulk to Best Account, which now amounts to \$3,927,741.50, and will be further increased to \$4,000,000 when the balance due upon the subscribed shares has been paid in.

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the year at Cobalt, Fonthill, London and Ridgeway, in the Province of Ontario, also in the City of Quebec, in North Battleford, in the Province of Saskatchewan, and in Banff, Calgary East and Red Deer, in the Province of Alberta. Suitable premises are now under construction in Winnipeg and in Edmonton to replace existing structures, which have been found insufficient for our requirements.

Since our last meeting the Bank has suffered a great loss in the death of its President, Mr. T. R. Merritt, who was one of the founders of the Bank, and a Director since its start in business. Mr. Merritt became Vice-President at the first meeting of Shareholders in 1875, and continued in that office until he succeeded the late Mr. H. S. Howland as President in the year 1902. Throughout this long term he was devoted to the welfare of the Bank, whose success is largely due to his watchfulness and care. The vacancy on the Board created by Mr. Merritt's death has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Peleg Howland, a son of our first President. Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Vice-President, was elected to the office of President, and the Honorable Robert Jaffray to that of Vice-President.

The policy of the Board in appropriating a considerable portion of the profits of the year in reduction of Bank Premises Account is one which they hope will be appreciated and approved of by the shareholders.

The capital of the Bank was increased in 1902 by \$1,500,000, making it as at present \$4,000,000. The development of the Dominion since then has been phenomenal, calling for increased banking facilities. Your Directors hold the same opinion to-day as they held in 1902 and believe that any additional capital required can be most readily and most economically furnished by the Institutions which are already firmly established. Your Directors have therefore decided that a further addition to the Capital of the Bank is advisable and a by-law will be submitted to you for your approval authorizing an increase in the capital by the sum of \$1,000,000 to be used in such amounts and at such periods as the Directors may determine.

The change from semi-annual to quarterly dividends which has been adopted during the past year will, we trust, also meet with the approval of the shareholders.

A by-law will be submitted for your approval providing for the remuneration of the President and Directors, and increasing their number from eight to eleven.

The Head Office and Branches of the Bank have all been carefully inspected during the year, and your Directors have pleasure in bearing testimony to the faithful and efficient manner in which the staff have performed their duties.

D. R. WILKIE, President.

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividend No. 61 for six months at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum (paid 1st of December, 1905).....	\$173,772 63	Balance at credit of account 31st of May, 1906, brought forward.....	\$176,516 05
Dividend No. 62, for three months at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum (paid 1st of March, 1906).....	96,321 66	Profits for the eleven months ended 30th April, 1906, after deducting charges of management, and interest due depositors, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discount.....	535,786 20
Dividend No. 63, for two months, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum (paid 1st May, 1906).....	65,311 94	Premium received on new capital stock.....	927,741 50
Transferred to rest account.....	927,741 50		
Written off bank premises and furniture account.....	100,000 00		
Balance of account carried forward.....	276,896 02		
	\$1,040,043 75		\$1,040,043 75

## REST ACCOUNT.

Balance at Credit of Account, 31st May, 1905.....	\$ 3,000,000 00
Premium received on new Capital Stock.....	927,741 50
	\$3,927,741 50

## LIABILITIES.

Notes of the Bank in circulation.....	\$ 2,948,952 00
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$ 5,918,223 00
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date).....	22,581,079 70
	28,499,302 76
Deposits by other Banks in Canada.....	51,700 11
	\$31,499,954 87
Total Liabilities to the public.....	3,927,741 51
Capital Stock (paid up).....	3,927,741 50
Rest Account.....	\$ 3,927,741 50
Dividend No. 63 (payable 1st May, 1906) for two months, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.....	65,311 94
Rebate on Bills discounted.....	82,166 73
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward.....	276,896 02
	4,352,116 19
	\$39,779,812 57

## ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin.....	\$ 907,252 40
Dominion Government notes.....	3,969,805 00
	\$ 4,877,057 40

Deposit with the Dominion Government for security of note circulation.....	150,000 00
Notes of and cheques on other Banks.....	1,756,396 18
Balance due from other Banks in Canada.....	456,147 10
Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom.....	679,761 32
Balance due from Agents in Foreign Countries.....	1,077,434 84
	\$8,896,786 84
Dominion and Provincial Government securities.....	\$ 428,287 86
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign, or Colonial Public securities other than Canadian.....	1,849,284 16
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	1,398,391 32
	3,675,963 34
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada.....	3,899,240 93
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in United States.....	1,000,000 00
	\$17,471,991 11
Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances.....	21,301,693 56
Overdue debts (less provided for).....	21,226 25
Real Estate (other than Bank premises).....	71,731 94
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	63,542 49
Bank premises, including Safes, Vaults and Office Furniture at Head Office and Branches.....	853,918 40
Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads.....	5,008 73
	\$39,779,812 57

D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.

E. HAY,  
Asst. General Manager.

The several Motions submitted were carried unanimously.

The Scrutineers appointed at the meeting reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: D. R. Wilkie, Honorable Robert Jaffray, Wm. Ramsay of Bowland, Elias Rogers, Wm. Hendrie (Hamilton), J. Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt, Peleg Howland, Wm. Whyte (Winnipeg), Cawthra Mulock, Honorable Richard Turner (Quebec).

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. D. R. Wilkie was elected President and the Honorable Robert Jaffray Vice-President for the ensuing year.

Toronto, 23rd May, 1906.

## THE PRISONER

By JEAN REIBRACH

THE inn, which was frequented by carriers and peddlers, also served as a meeting point for the two brigades of mounted police. The lights from the windows shone out upon the road, and Lomme, the elder of the two mounted police, said:

"They are already there. I can see the horses."

Their own animals broke into a trot and then stopped of their own accord before the door. Lomme and his comrade Prache dismounted, welcomed by the men of the other brigade. Cordial voices mingled with the jingling of sabres. Hands were shaken, and spurs clicked upon the stone floor.

"Anything new?" Lomme asked.

"Nothing," answered his companion. "Only a prisoner to be transferred."

By a motion of his thumb over his shoulder he pointed out a boy, haggard and ragged, seated in a corner. Lomme's eye followed the gesture, but just then someone handed him the warrant of arrest. He cast his eye upon it carelessly and read: "Robbery, followed by attempted murder. Description of the accused: medium forehead, ordinary nose." He folded up the sheet. "All right, all right," he said as he slipped it into his pocket. Then, before accepting the glass held out to him, he delivered a receipt and signed the register on a corner of the table. The two men did not linger, for they were anxious to get home.

Meekly the prisoner held out his wrists for the handcuffs, and, the guards having swung themselves into the saddles, he set off, walking between the two horses.

A question rose to his lips. "Is it far, gentlemen, to your brigade headquarters?"

He spoke politely. Lomme, who was holding the end of the chain, answered:

"Two short hours."

The answer encouraged the prisoner. He began again, very humbly: "Perhaps, gentlemen, you could tell me—M. Goiraud, the farmer, you know, the one I—I would like to know, because—if he should get well it wouldn't be so bad for me."

"No," declared the officer, "I can't tell you that."

Silence fell upon them. In the moonlight night a few yards of the road could be distinguished ahead of them like a grey ribbon; the hedges on either side were a darker mass standing out against a dark sky; the feet of the horses fell upon the soft dust of the road, now cadenced, now commingling.

But the weight of the silence seemed to oppress the prisoner. He broke in again. "It's hard luck, just the same, that he came in on me. I wanted to escape, but he grabbed hold of me. Of course, I defended myself. There were blows."

He was talking as if to himself, slowly, not expecting approval. Then he continued:

"Kill him?—no, I never thought of it! Rob—oh, the devil! It's easy enough to talk about working. I've done all I could, all sorts of odd jobs here and there. But when a man has no trade—"

The desire for sympathy, the longing to hear a human voice answer his own, caused him to raise his head and address himself to his guard.

"I, I never had a father; I grew up in the streets, as best I could, at Tours, in Touraine."

The talk annoyed the mounted policeman. Lomme seized the words, however, as an excuse for beginning a conversation with his companion. He turned to Prache.

"A fine city, Tours. I was in garrison there, dragon regiment, before going into the police. Oh, I'm talking about a long time ago, more than twenty years."

He wandered on, evoking memories. He told where the cavalry quarters were, not far from the Loire; told the names of the officers, and of the colo-

There was silence again. Prache whistled for a moment; then he too was still. The hedges traced their inky line against the heaven, the little ribbon of road passed and was left behind incessantly. Trees seemed to glide by, one by one. At the sound of the horses' hoofs upon the roadway, a dog began to bark; then there was only the monotonous creaking of the saddles, the regular footfall of the horses. All else slept.

The man did not dare look down upon the prisoner, who was but a blur of shadow upon the ground. But in thought he followed him through the galleys; then he saw him later, discharged, but dragging his sentence with him throughout his life, like a ball and chain riveted to his soul; without a trade, without work, without bread. The memory of the other two sleeping quietly at home, rendered his suffering more acute, and it was as if a millstone were weighing upon his heart, crushing it, breaking it down.

From time to time he spoke a word of encouragement: "We're getting there. We'll be there soon."

But all this did not satisfy him. He was seeking for some act, some word by which it might be possible to repair, even if never so little, the irreparable.

When the iron shoes of the horses rang out upon the pavement of the town the minutes began to fly with greater rapidity. He thought of giving the boy some money, some tobacco.

Finally he remembered something, for as Prache followed the horses to the stable, Lomme said, as he gently removed the handcuffs:

"You know, he is not dead. The warrant says only, 'attempted murder.'"

"Ah," whispered Champeau with a sigh of relief. "I like that better."

"Yes," said Lomme in a pleased voice, "that is better."

Bending over, he guided the prisoner to the cell, across the courtyard. The latter said, a little awkwardly:

"All the same, I'm very much obliged to you for telling me."

Without answering, Lomme opened the cell door. When he closed it upon the prisoner he turned the key without a sound. One would think it was a mother, drawing together the curtains on the cradle of her first-born. Then he went away, walking softly, like a thief.

His wife, upstairs, did not awaken. In the next room he could hear the regular breathing of the two boys. They, at least, were happy. He saw them, in turn, growing up, going through life. The thought came to him that they too, some day, might do as he had done. This thought grew; perhaps it has been this way since the world has been the world—that the innocent often pay for the guilty. The sentiment of fatality at once crushed and consoled him. He did not rise to the point of the consciousness of the incarnation of a Symbol; for now he saw only that far-off café and the image of Marie Champeau.

To wait upon the table she used to put on a white apron; sometimes a ringlet of blond hair would get loose from her cap when she bent over the table to laugh, and her bare arms showed a dimple just above the elbow. Then the man covered his face with his hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers.—"Tales" for June.

## Dolly Varden's Real Value.

Beautiful and attractive as is the Dolly Varden Boot Shop, the careful shopper need never fear that high prices will be asked. Every shoe in the new home of the Dolly Varden has the value stamped on it by the makers. The clerk cannot change the price, and the makers never will, for they have adopted the new method of enforcing one price at a fair profit and eliminating the greed of the store-keeper who makes his price according to the good style of his customer. \$4 and \$3.50, some at \$5—in the Dolly Varden family.

Bicycles and bloomers produced the new woman; Mr. Bernard Shaw and motor-cars the new man.—"Eton College Chronicle."

## NEW NOVELS

A NEW novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward is regarded as a literary event, rather than a sensational publishing venture. Her latest work, "Fenwick's Career," is delightful in style and characterization. There is no such piece of bizarre femininity as we encountered in "Lady Rose's Daughter," and in "The Marriage of William Ashe." The study of a gifted, egotistic, and selfish artist, who was susceptible to a marked degree to woman's influence, is executed with a delicate and sure touch. "Fenwick" has a reality that is at times almost painful, and the hostility which he arouses in many readers is the strongest proof of the author's convincing portraiture. In "Eugenie de Pastourelles" is found a character so exquisite and yet so lovably human that one is fain to place her with the elect ladies of fiction. Her charm is permanent in its lightness and rarest fragrance, and it is seldom, indeed, that such a gentle yet radiant figure walks in the ways of modern fiction.

Mrs. Ward makes a trivial but curious blunder, which may be of interest to Canadian readers. "Phoebe Fenwick" comes out to Canada and secures a position as housekeeper on a fruit farm "in the Hamilton district, Ontario—it was an apple-farm, running down to Lake Ontario." We are also informed that the farm was "near Montreal," and that "gleaming beneath it were the wide waters of Lake Superior." Really, an apple-farm in the Hamilton district, Ontario, near Montreal, running down to Lake Ontario, and having the waters of Lake Superior gleaming in its vicinity affords joy and bewilderment to the Canadian heart. Such a display of geographical ignorance is not an artistic blemish, but it creates incongruous amusement. If a Toronto man were to write a story in which he represented Westmoreland as an hour's walk from London, the English reviewers would wash with our colonial carelessness. If our admirable fruit farms are to find a place in English fiction we protest that their boundaries should not be made ridiculous. Toronto: William Briggs.

"The Truth About Tolna" is a readable and also forgettable story, by Bertha Runkle, whose first novel, "The Helmet of Navarre," was one of the best-selling books about seven years ago. "Tolna" is a great singer, exploited by a priggish friend, who tells many lies in order to advertise his musical prodigy. There are also two nice girls. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

"First It Was Ordained" is an extremely sensational story by Guy Thorne, who bids fair to out-Corelli the fair Marie. His books will probably meet with large sales, as they belong to the cheap chromo school of fiction. One of his characters has an "agate intellect," which is no doubt related to the "marble brain." Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

"The Sin of Saint Desmond" is a novel by Amy Cameron Fariss, who dedicates the book "to the memory of a little white cot." The unfortunate reader wonders if it was a cot in a lunatic asylum. The heroine, "Louise Vascoe Wells," meets with many adventures, including a divorce and several love affairs. One object of her affection "wears an elegant business suit, and diamonds on his fingers and bosom." In fact, most of her admirers may be described as "chic." "Louise" wears billows of white lace, twines sea-weed in her fluffy brown hair, faints on the slightest provocation, and dies with the limelight on her pallid brow. She is a rare treat. Boston: Richard G. Badger. J. G.

## Newfoundland, St. Johns.

Round trip tickets on sale at Toronto from June 1, \$66.50, good till November. Proportionate rates from other points. Full information at Grand Trunk ticket offices, or address J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto.



MOTORMANIA.

"What's the matter, old man? Something get into your carburetor?"



# THE LIFE OF A BUBBLE

BY BARRY PAIN

THE small girl came out of the house with a well-founded idea that the people inside did not particularly want her. She had also with her a bowl of soapsuds and a pipe where-with to blow bubbles. For solitude must have its solace. She was plain, but obedient; good, but gooseberry-eyed. She found a clear ring in the middle of the orchard; the grass grew long there; the sense of remoteness was in the air. It was desperately wild and fine. There she sat down and began bubble-blowing. The first two attempts failed. The third was magnificent. She gave a little shake to the pipe, and the beautiful iridescent globe mounted slowly in the perfectly still air. "That," said the small girl, "is a ripper."

The point of view of the human being who regards the bubble, and the point of view of the bubble as it regards the human being, present certain well-defined differences in matters of detail.

"I have been since the beginning of the universe," said the bubble to itself. "I exist now, I shall exist for ever. This present experience comes back to me as something imperfectly remembered from very long ago. It is unpleasant. To be so near a material earth, nearer perhaps than I have ever been before, is a kind of contamination. It seems to throw a film of corruption over one. Luckily the feeling passes. The material earth sinks slowly back into the abyss from which it has risen, while I remain stationary and permanent."

The gooseberry eyes of the plain little girl watched the bubble very intently. How slowly it rose! Would it clear that branch? Oh for a breath of wind to toss it high up, that it might sail far away out of her sight and that she might not witness its breaking!

"Yes," said the bubble, "it is so. I observe even now that my unpleasant environment is fading away from me. The girl with the gooseberry eyes, and the indifferent cracked bowl of an advertised soap, and the vast masses of uninteresting green leaves, are sinking slowly back into their abyss. Material influences begin to lose their hold upon me. I am now almost as fine and spiritual as I have ever been. The only thing that really troubles me is that I cannot probe the mystery. Have small, plain girls a use in being? Is there any purpose or design about those vast masses of green leaves? Is soap, however advertised and however perfumed, part of any great scheme tending ultimately to the help and the progress of myself or of my brothers?"

The plain girl listened intently. She thought she heard a voice. She would have obeyed the call, for she would have obeyed anything. She had been brought up to it. She had a dim and rather dismal conviction that, when she went in, it was necessary to send her out again; but that if, of her own volition, she went out, it then became necessary to fetch her in. These were things beyond argument, things that belonged to the great powers, that is to say, to the people in the house. But she had heard nothing; it was a mistake; she was not to be fetched in just yet. So she could go on watching.

The smoke from the chimneys came sluggishly up through the oily air under a hot leaden sky. The bubble was far away, just above the smoke, not yet out of sight.

"Yes," said the bubble, "I do feel distinctly better. That nauseating sense of grossness which was caused by proximity to material things is completely passing away. But ought one to be nauseated? Would not one be happier if one could believe that such things did not exist at all, that they were merely subjective—the bad dreams to which a bubble may now and then be liable? In any case they pass as a dream. An all-merciful destiny that designed the universe for the use of bubbles arranged that all right."

The burning sun of noon stole out from the leaden clouds. Its glory fell full upon the bubble. A drop or two

of soapy water flicked the tail of a sparrow flying below it.

"It's burst!" cried the girl, in a sad ecstasy.

A voice came from the outer and more civilized portion of the orchard. "Where are you, Miss Jane? You come in this minute! Always where you oughtn't to be, aren't you?"

The girl who was always where she ought not to be went in that minute. In the meantime the bubble took an entirely different view of the situation. The poor thing had not the remotest idea that it had burst.

"Yes," it said, "it's quite all over now. I am perfectly myself again, back in the calm, distant ether which suits me best. More than ever I incline to the happy view. The things that troubled me, the girl and the soap and the trees, were nothing but an imagining."

Children are born imitators; that is the way they learn, and what they do becomes a force of habit, and stamps them with an individuality in later years.

On Saturday mornings hundreds of Toronto boys and girls are young business men and women. In the Crown Bank of Canada's "Women's Room," the little girls assume the airs of their elders as they make out their deposit slips, present their money, and receive their bank-books. Then they sit down to look over the books on the tables or wait for someone with whom an appointment has been made.

They are educating themselves—learning banking ways, and acquiring a knowledge of business that will become second nature, and they are doing it so easily and with such a sense of unconscious dignity that people instinctively pay them that respect which a businesslike, self-possessed demeanor always inspires.

## Photograph Line.

W. D. McVey, 514 Queen street west, is using a locomobile for the convenience of his friends and patrons to convey them to and from his society studio. Telephone Main 6397 and make your appointments.

## The Softer Sex.

If twenty men loved twenty maids And the maids they loved them not, How many bachelors all forlorn Would woefully wish they had ne'er been born

To mourn their single lot? Twenty!

If twenty maids loved twenty men And the men came not to woo, How many brides in the briefest hour Would bring to the altar those men, and smile,

At the neat job carried through? Twenty!

—Brooklyn "Life."

Mistress—Well, why don't you boil the eggs?

Cook—Sure, I've no clock in the kitchen to go by.

Mistress—Why, yes, Bridget, there's a clock in the kitchen.

Cook—Phwat good is it? Ut's tin minits fast!—Cleveland "Leader."

He was in bed, and told his man to mix him some whiskey and hot water. "Here's your grog, sir, but I'm afraid it's not warm enough."

"How do you know? Have you tasted it?"

"I wouldn't take such a liberty, sir. I only just dipped my finger in the glass."—"Sporting Times."

A young lady, who had no knowledge of nautical phrases, asked a friend, "Do you know, I often wonder why a ship has to weigh its anchor every time it leaves port?" The answer of her friend was not illuminating. "Well—er—the weight is constantly changing, you know, because of the—er—binnacles and things that accumulate on the anchor!"—London "News."

Balty Moore—The meanest man has been again discovered.

Calvert, Jr.—Where this time?

Balty Moore—In Ohio, as usual. This chap is making money by selling the weather predictions furnished by his father's rheumatism.—Baltimore "American."



A HEAVY LOSS.

"I lost a pot of money at the track yesterday. Had a tip on Flyaway for the fourth event."

"And he lost?"

"No; he won. But I didn't have a cent to play him." —"Judge."

# The One Motor Car for a Lady's Use

SO SIMPLE SO SAFE SO HANDY

Here is the Electric Auto that Solves the Problem of a Car a Woman Can Drive and Enjoy

## THE WAVERLEY ELECTRIC

This automobile, which uses only electricity, (storage batteries—renew them anywhere there's electric light), isn't nearly as much trouble to manage as a "family horse."

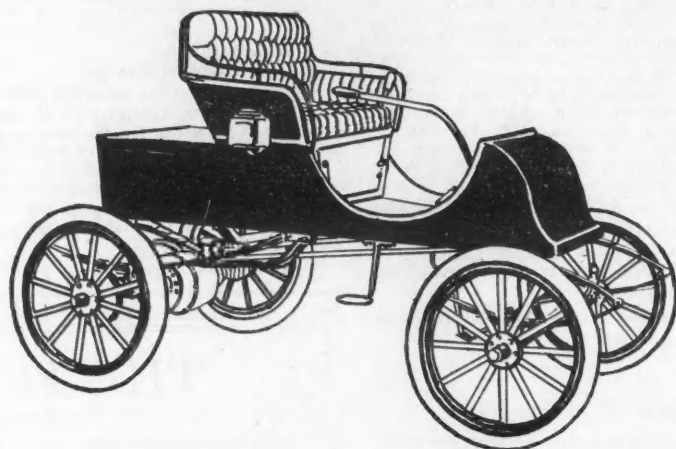
It's a great deal less expensive than any good horse.

It's SAFER than any horse that ever was driven.

And it is a means of getting from place to place QUICKLY, quietly, easily, that is ALWAYS ready when it's wanted.

Nothing to fuss over when you want to go out with a Waverley Electric—simply step in, guide the steering lever, push the current lever—and away, smoothly, noiselessly, swiftly.

Ten minutes instruction will teach the whole method of running this automobile even to a woman who never



sat in a motor-car before.

There are only three things to remember:

Push the speed lever forward or back to go fast or slow.

Steer with the steering bar

—like pulling a horse's reins.

Press the brake pedal to stop.

In all the cities nowadays ladies are using this Waverley Electric Auto for shopping

tours, making calls, little afternoon jaunts out into the country—for daily outings with the children—for meeting the man of the family at the station—for any use the horse used to serve when women drove the horse.

It's so simple to run a Waverley—there's nothing complicated to fuss over, no oiling, no noise, no odor—just gliding, silent, easily guided motion, safety, comfort.

And economy—count that, too, for the Waverley costs far less to operate, day in and day out, than a horse's keep.

May we send you a booklet that tells more? Or will you visit our garage and allow us to demonstrate by actual proof that any woman can learn to run this perfect little automobile in fifteen minutes' instruction?

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## Intellectuals Do Not Like Up Money

ORD ACTON'S estate was appraised at a value below \$50,000. The London newspapers that recorded this appraisal noted on the same day the appraisements of various other estates, left by tradesmen, lawyers, and nondescripts, all of them obscure, running into the hundreds of thousands, and some nearly touching the million mark.

It is a curious fact, comments the San Francisco "Bulletin," though not in the least difficult to explain, that a man so eminent for intellectual power and scholarship should die so much poorer than five or six successful but not especially conspicuous boot-makers, brewers, and iron-founders, whose estates happened to be appraised at the same time as the historian's.

Under the competitive system the middleman, in the broad sense—that is, the man who organizes and distributes, who buys and sells—makes the most money because he controls commodities and governs markets; while the creator, whether he be artist or printer, a historian or a harness-maker, a teacher or a tanner, merely sells his labor to the middleman and gets what the middleman chooses to give; and the middleman is a shrewd, calculating, close buyer.

The middleman, in turn, sells to the public, which is a careless, extravagant, unsympathetic buyer. The individual consumer reckons nothing of his own minute contribution to the middleman's profits, but the aggregate of these minute contributions from a multitude of consumers makes the handsome fortunes which tradesmen leave for their heirs to squabble over. He is poorly paid who has only one customer.

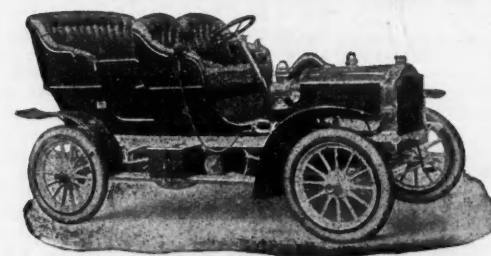
There are two proletariats, the intellectual and the laborious, and they both are hirelings to the sober, steady, thrifty, commonplace, respected middle class or bourgeoisie.

But the whimsy which runs through all human affairs has so arranged things that the class which makes the most money is the least competent to enjoy it. The qualities that enable a man to pursue wealth successfully are rarely found in conjunction with those necessary for enjoyment of the finest pleasures. By the very exercise of accumulation a man atrophies the tastes that alone can make possession worth while.

And, by the same whimsy, it happens that the intellectuals and the laborious are, for the most part, free from the fretting anxieties which beset the business man by day and night. What college professor or what literary man worries as a broker or large merchant does? What artist, or what mechanic has the cares that trouble a speculator?

## We Have Delivered Seventy-five

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MODEL C—24 H.P., 4-Cylinder Touring Car, \$2,500

This is far in excess of the deliveries of any other car.

These cars have created a great deal of talk. Generally speaking, they are in the hands of novices scattered from Prince Edward Island, in the east, to British Columbia, in the west.

We are in constant touch with these owners, and it is with confidence that we request you, if interested in a car and desirous of getting AT THE FACTS about the performance of these cars, to

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Write us for our Catalogue and Booklet—"Making of a Motor Car." These explain the features of construction that have made these cars so successful.

We were sure that the car we tested out ourselves over Canadian roads was right. Seventy-five other users confirm this view. If you require further proof we will gladly supply it.

MODEL A—12 H.P. Family Touring Car, - - \$1,300  
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## SCIENTISTS TO BOSTON.

Official Route the Shortest and Quickest Way.

Toronto, May 28th, 1906.  
Mr. L. Drago, Canadian Pacific Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Toronto:

First Church of Christian Scientists, Toronto, have selected your route from Toronto to Boston for the dedication of the Mother Church. You are hereby authorized to make every arrangement for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

(Signed) J. E. Fielding, Jas. Humphrey, F. C. Daniel,

Committee on Transportation. Leave Toronto 5.20 p.m. Friday, June 8th, via Buffalo and Albany, arrive Boston 10.30 Saturday morning. Fare for round trip \$13.50. Sleeping car from Toronto to Boston, \$3.00 per berth, and Boston to Toronto \$3.00. Two in berth \$1.50 each.

Passengers purchasing the \$13.50 ticket may return via New York by paying local fare from Boston to New York (\$4.00 boat and \$5.00 rail) and exchanging return portion of Boston ticket at Grand Central Station for

one reading from New York. This will permit passengers to take the Hudson River steamers New York to Albany, if desired, without extra charge. Sleeping car fare New York to Toronto \$2.50 per berth. Through sleeper for Toronto on train leaving New York 8.00 p.m. and Albany 11.40 p.m. Arrive Toronto 10.50 a.m.

Intending visitors from districts outside of Toronto who desire to entrain at Toronto, should drop a card to this effect to Mr. F. C. Daniel, 3 Wellington street west, Toronto. For further information apply to Louis Drago, 69 1-2 Yonge street. Phone Main 4361, Toronto.

## The Umbrella Test.

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend. "I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella."—Washington "Star."

## A Cure.

Mrs. Knicker—What do you do when your husband tells you of the big fish that got away?  
Mrs. Bocker—I tell him of the paragon I might have married.—New York "Sun."

Mrs. M.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said: "Mary, your mouth is open." "Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."

New Dentist (in Frozen Dog)—Will you take gas?

Broncho Bill—Will it hurt if I don't?

Dentist—It will.  
Broncho Bill—Then, stranger, for your sake I think I'd better take it. —"Life."

"I see that the metal bed and spring combine has advanced ten per cent." "These combines are after us sleeping or waking."—Cleveland "Plaindealer."

## Astonishing.

Clark—Readman has a remarkable memory.

Marks—In what particular line?  
Clark—In literature. Why, he can actually remember the names and the authors of the "six best-selling books" of last year.





## OR INSPECTION AT OUR STUDIOS HAND-MADE RUG EXHIBITION

MONDAY, JUNE 4TH, 5TH,  
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We are pleased to announce that the finest consignment of Hand-made Rugs have been shipped to our Studios to be exhibited. Each one is a work of art, even those at a low price. Whether you intend investing in Rugs or not you will no doubt enjoy a visit looking them over. Among the beautiful figured ones are a few of those solid centers so popular at present with high-class decorators in the large cities. As there is a growing demand for these they will be very likely picked up quickly.

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UNITED ARTS & CRAFTS, LIMITED

## AN OLD-TIME WESTERN WEDDING

BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

IN "the old days" the wooing of the North Saskatchewan varied considerably from the conventional rules that governed the social life of older communities. When the young ladies and widows of one particular race became exhausted or tired of saying "no," there was a tendency on the part of some of the surplus bachelors to become mavericks of their kind and to wander far afield. Their amorous ventures occasionally culminated at the altar. Once upon a time I was a churchwarden. As Private Mulvaney says, "I was a corporal, wanst. I was reduced afterwards, but I was a corporal wanst. I was that."

One of the important duties of this ecclesiastical office in Edmonton nearly twenty years ago, beyond taking up the collection, was the custody of the key of the church, then picturesquely placed on the borders of the Great estate, commanding a beautiful view of the Hudson Bay flats, the Saskatchewan and the wooded heights of the South bank.

One morning I was interrupted in the drawing of a deed, a cork, a full house or one of the many and varied occupations of a practising barrister of those early days, by a boy, who asked, in the name of Canon Newton, for the key of the church.

It was Tuesday. I couldn't remember that it was a saint's day, and a few enquiries elicited the fact that the key was desired for a marriage service. News of that kind was sufficient to suspend the course of an action in the High Court, re-cork a half-depleted bottle of seven-year-old, and cause a man to lay down four of a kind without a murmur in an unlimited game.

When the little messenger announced the names of the contracting parties there was a wild and weird curiosity on the part of the churchwarden to deliver the key of the church in person, and thereby run a chance of seeing the wedding ceremony, for the said contracting parties were not what might be called the marrying kind. They have gone over the border and far away these long years, and this reference to a forgotten incident will not hurt their feelings or those of anybody else.

She was a young and decidedly pretty girl, with a pair of black eyes in whose depths could be seen the deviltry of half a dozen races to which she was allied by blood. He was a blundering, big, bovine specimen of callow youth, whose people in Ontario had provided him through some small political influence with an insignificant position in the Indian Department in the West.

"So Louise is going to marry Bill this morning?" I said to her father, as I pressed through the crowd of stalwart brothers of the bride grouped about the church door, and inserted the key in the lock.

The grim face of the strong-featured half-breed father relaxed into a smile and he muttered, "Oui, m'sieur," as he placed his hand significantly on the chamber of the rifle he carried, and his sturdy sons grunted forth the Cree "Eheh."

When the big, shambling, awkward Ontario youth and the pretty, daredevil witch of the Saskatchewan stood before little Canon Newton, who was arrayed in full canonicals, the bridegroom gave one hunted look about the church, only to meet the earnest looks of the bride's kinsmen, and then resigned himself to his fate.

In the well-modulated accents of the educated Anglican priest the marriage service went on.

It was a reluctant, faltering "I will" that was given by Bill to the all-important question, but when the clear voice of the clergyman asked the bride, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, etc., etc., the light of victory came into the bold, black eyes of the bare-footed girl, her red lips parted in a triumphant smile, the nervous caressing of her pretty ankle by the bare toes of her other foot ceased, and in a voice that nearly knocked the Book of Common Prayer out of the little clergyman's hands, she said in vibrant broken English, "You bet your sweet life."

### Nancy's Eyes.

In Nancy's eyes two spirits dwell; I fear them, yet I love them well—Alas, I am not wise! They beckon, and I come with glee, Although it is not best for me To look in Nancy's eyes.

In Nancy's eyes I often find A tendency to be unkind; They greet me with surprise, As if they did not know my days Are dark as night unless I gaze Just once in Nancy's eyes.

Yet in these eyes I sometimes see A welcome all reserved for me, Which deep within them lies; And something tells me, secretly, It's Nancy's heart that looks at me—Sometimes through Nancy's eyes. —Ella Middleton Tybout.

### One-Sided.

Farmer Skidmore (reading signs in a city hotel room)—"Gas burned all night charged extra. Don't blow out the gas." These fellows is bound to catch you, one way or the other.—New York "World."



### THOSE FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

"Hello," says the man, seeing his friend sallying forth with pole and net and bait bucket. "Going fishing?" "No," replies the friend, turning on him solemnly. "No. I'm going to stand on my head and keep my hair from falling out. What made you think I was going fishing?"—"Puck."

### Society at the Capital.

THE old saying, "Happy be the bride that the sun shines on," will surely be verified in the case of Miss Maud Borden, whose wedding-day on Tuesday, the 22nd, was an ideal one. In the afternoon, after a rather threatening morning, the sun shone out with great power, and at two o'clock the marriage took place at the Dominion Methodist church in Elgin street, of Miss Julia Maud Borden, second daughter of Sir Frederick Borden, K.C.M.G., Minister of Militia and Defence, to Mr. Leslie Stewart Macoun, son of Mr. John Macoun of Deramore Park, Belfast, Ireland. A more brilliant or more perfectly arranged wedding has seldom taken place in the Capital, and society was present in full force, everyone looking his or her very best as befitting the occasion. The bride, who is a tall, handsome brunette, and one of Ottawa's most charming girls, entered the church with her father at two o'clock, gowned in an exceedingly handsome "robe des noces" of deep cream-colored Liberty satin, the skirt cut in deep scallops falling over accordion-pleated frills of chiffon, and the regulation train falling in graceful folds. The bodice was almost entirely composed of rich Limerick lace, and was finished off with rows of tiny seed pearls and high girde of soft satin. A beautiful shower bouquet of white roses was carried by the bride. The gowns of the three bridesmaids, Miss Elizabeth Borden, Miss Florence Fielding, and Miss Lucy Kingsford, were pronounced to be the prettiest that have yet been seen in Ottawa, and were of pink net, extensively tucked and prettily draped over silk of the same delicate shade. Large picture hats of pink tulle, with shaded roses beneath the brims, and long tulle ties proved exceedingly becoming to the three fair wearers, and large shower bouquets of sweet peas and ferns harmonized perfectly with these pretty costumes. Mr. Arthur Appleton of the Bank of Montreal, did duty as best man, and those acting as ushers were Mr. Harry Southam, Mr. Arnold Finlay of Montreal, Mr. Gladwyn MacDougall and Mr. John Thompson. The numerous guests who filled the church were all most beautifully attired, this being the season when all the pretty delicately tinted summer gowns are in the heyday of their freshness, and new costumes were the order of the day. Lady Borden, mother of the bride, looked exceedingly well in a gown of violet chiffon, embroidered in a design of tiny white shamrocks, over which she wore a bolero of handsome cream lace, and a becoming toque, trimmed with heliotrope, put a finishing touch to an extremely effective toilette. The short ceremony concluded, the guests all drove to "Stadacona Hall," Sir Frederick's handsome residence in Laurier avenue east, where a large marquee had been erected in front, on the large and prettily shaded lawn, for the accommodation of the throng of guests, where dainty refreshments were to be had and an orchestra played from time to time during the afternoon. Indoors the large drawing-rooms were lavishly decorated with American Beauty roses, where Mr. and Mrs. Macoun stood under a bower of blossoms to receive the hearty wishes of all their friends. Later on everyone repaired to the dining-room, where white roses and carnations artistically decorated a table laden with dainty edibles, and the health of the happy pair was heartily drunk, and in his happiest manner Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a most charming little speech, commenting on the popularity of both bride and groom and congratulating Ottawans in general that they would not lose them as citizens. After several more bright but short speeches were made, the bride left to don her travelling gown, and, as she came down the stairs, according to custom she threw her bouquet among a coterie of her girl friends, who were expectantly

waiting to deluge her with rice, etc., and Miss Winifred Gormully was the lucky one who caught it. Mr. and Mrs. Macoun left on the four-thirty train for Montreal, Boston, and other prominent points in the country. "across the border," and on their return to town will occupy a handsome residence on Wurttemberg street, which has just been thoroughly and most artistically renovated by Mr. Macoun. Mrs. Macoun's going-away gown was of grey tweed flecked with mauve, the smart little Eton coat being embroidered in a design of violets and opening over a lace blouse. A hat of violet mohair, with trimmings of lilacs and violet tulle, was particularly becoming.

Among the hundreds of costly presents which attested to the popularity of this happy young couple was a magnificent silver tea-service, presented by Sir Frederick's eighteen Liberal colleagues from the Province of Nova Scotia, bearing the inscription: "Miss Maud Borden, from her father's colleagues from Nova Scotia in the Canadian Parliament." Another much-prized gift was a solid silver entree dish from the officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, and the many other up-to-date and handsome presents included china, silver, cut glass, furniture, jewelry, etc., from every part of the Dominion, also from England and many parts of the United States, altogether covering several large tables.

An interesting engagement has recently been announced and is that of Miss Helen Marjorie Powell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell of Metcalfe street, to the Hon. Charles Fisher, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta. Last summer Miss Powell took a trip with friends to the North-West, where the friendship began which has just culminated in this happy manner.

Another engagement just announced in which Ottawans are interested, owing to the fact that one of the principals comes originally from the Capital, is that of Mr. W. Martin Griffin, barrister, of Vancouver, B.C., son of Mr. Martin J. Griffin, the Parliamentary librarian, and Mrs. Griffin, to Miss Marion Garland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spotswoode Garland of Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A.

One of the more important social affairs of the week was a delightful dinner, at which Sir Louis and Lady Davies entertained on Wednesday evening, in honor of Sir Louis' sister-in-law and guest, Mrs. Davies, widow of the late Captain Davies of London, England, who, with her daughter, Miss Muriel Davies has been in town for several weeks. The guests who sat down to the pretty rose-bedecked table were: Lady Elizabeth Cochran, Hon. W. S. and Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Power, Hon. J. V. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Bergeron, Colonel and Mrs. Tilton, Mr. and Mrs. Colin McIsaac, and Mr. John Ewart. Lady Davies was the hostess also on Monday evening at a dance for young people, which was thoroughly appreciated by the dancing portion of society, there having been a dearth for many weeks of the livelier form of entertainment.

### THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, May 28th, 1906.

"Pa, what's the difference between a profession and a trade?" "The man who works at a trade quits when his eight hours are up. The man who follows a profession has to keep on until his work is done." —Chicago "Record-Herald."

"Why do you think all is not right between Mr. and Mrs. Flashington?" "They are so often seen together lately. It must be that they have some reason for trying to drown suspicion." —Chicago "Record-Herald."



## Spring and Summer Suits

are now on the bill, and we've a large variety of handsome styles for your choosing.

If you are a Custom Tailor's Man we'll win you away from him in short order, if you'll take time to come in and try on one of our choice Spring Suits.

Fancy a Man going to a high-priced Tailor for his Clothes

### WHEN NO ONE KNOWS IT BUT HIMSELF

Are you a follower of Fashion's latest fads and fancies? Or are you included in the ranks of the more conservative dressers?

In either case you'll find your preferences fully anticipated in our splendid stock of new Spring Suits.

**\$10, \$12, \$15,  
\$16 to \$25**

Will you allow us to show you what we have to offer? The pleasure will be ours.

COME ON IN!

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RATES—Single Room and Suites, with and without Bath.  
\$1.50 PER DAY—and Upwards  
THE HULBERT GRAND HOTEL CO.  
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A whole block on the famous boardwalk, with view of ocean from every room. Capacity 500. Unexcelled in furnishings, equipment, table and service, luxurious rooms, single or en suite, with bath; sea water swimming pool in hotel, sun parlors, overlooking ocean, white service throughout, first-class accommodations at special rates for May and June.

AUTOMOBILE MEETS TRAINS.

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WINE

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HUDON, HEBERT & Co., LTD.  
MONTREAL  
Agents for Canada

### The End of Importance.

The newspaper correspondents of Washington were having their biennial row over the election of the Standing Committee to represent them at the Capitol in connection with the Senate Committee on Rules and the Speaker of the House.

Ex-Senator Chandler, always liking to be around where there is a row, came along and asked about the battle. He was given full information.

"How about So-and-So?" he asked. "Oh, he has voted!" was the reply. "Well," said Chandler, "that eliminates him. The least important man in the world is the man who has voted."—"Saturday Evening Post."

"Please, sir, will you give a penny to a poor orphan?" "Certainly, my boy! Has your father been dead long?" "No, sir; he's the orphan. This money's for him."

All "Cravenette" cloth is waterproof. But all cloth, said to be "just as good" as "Cravenette," is not. Every yard of the genuine

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bears the "Cravenette" trademark. See that the cloth you buy bears the "Cravenette" trademark, and you may be sure your rain coat will be waterproof.



### A Corn-Fed Humorist.

It is not alone the American of the cities or of the brisk West or social Pullman smoker who is a native storyteller. The dweller in the isolated valley of the Southern mountains, who knows not the shriek of the locomotive, and whose experience of the world is bounded by the red-clay roads in his home country, likes his little joke as well as the best farceur of them all. Two gentlemen were travelling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky not long ago, bound on an exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin claybank mule grazed 'round and 'round in a neat circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak," said one traveller to the other. The two approached the man, whose yellowish eyes regarded them without apparent curiosity.

"How do you do?" said the Northerner. "Howdy?" remarked the Southerner languidly.

"Pleasant country." "Fur them thet likes it." "Lived here all your life?" The Southerner spat pensively in the dust.

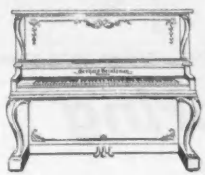
"Not yit," he said—"The Reader."

### A Great Difference.

Teacher—What is the difference between lightning and electricity? Bright Pupil—Lightning is free, and electricity costs money.—Translated from "Monos."



The Charm of a  
**GERHARD  
HEINTZMAN  
PIANO**



Above all evidences of mechanical perfection, and exquisite art in case design, the incomparable charm of a **Gerhard Heintzman Piano** is that crystalline purity of tone that is the result of a lifetime of research on the part of the manufacturers.

The high esteem in which the **Gerhard Heintzman Piano** is held by musicians generally, is sufficient evidence of its artistic excellence.

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We have spared no efforts or expense in fitting up our show-rooms with everything up-to-date in Electric Fixtures—and it is well worth a visit to our rooms to see our display of art bronzes alone.

All pieces are chosen by a lighting expert with a view to practical lighting effects combined with artistic appearance.

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**CHOCOLATES**  
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35 Years' Experience  
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**GANONG'S**  
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**IZOD'S**  
World-Renowned **CORSETS**  
are the best corsets to wear  
Because they best fulfil the necessary conditions of art and hygiene.  
Because they retain their shape longer and wear best.  
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The Leading Undertaker  
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UNDERTAKER  
32 Carlton Street.

**Curious Winnipeg Signs**

It might be supposed that in Winnipeg, which Easterners regard as a brand new city, very few relics are to be found of bygone methods of doing business. A newspaper man in the Western metropolis, however, writing on this subject, says that though the oddities of trade of early days have pretty well vanished from Winnipeg, it is noteworthy that even after the city had a daily paper, pemmican was bought and sold, and indeed advertised in its columns by the leading business houses, and that there is oddity enough even now in the shabby, dirty dens in which some of the foreigners trade in the necessities of life. This leads some visitors to the city to take a great interest in the smelly, dingy little places along Main street and Higgins avenue. But even in plain English, here and there are to be found some painted signs and business announcements which, if not extremely funny, may be at least worthy of mention as showing that individuality is yet to be found in business and business methods.

Not the least peculiar is a sign which adorns a barber shop in the north end, on Salter street. It is neatly printed on canvas, and is as follows:

"Ars Longa Vita Brevis  
Come all you brave  
Who want a shave  
As clean as blade  
Can make it.  
Come hasten soon  
To our new room  
Where you may quiet  
Take it."

How this remarkable production has succeeded as a "business getter" was not inquired into, but the only conclusion concerning the Latin introduction reachable by at least one passer-by, is that if the art of the tonsorial artist be long, and life be short, the best policy to pursue is to seek out a parlor where the art is not so long, or still further save time by shaving one's self.

A laundry on Elgin avenue very evidently had its sign manufactured from a French-English dictionary giving "English as she is spoke," with a minimum knowledge of idiom. It reads:

"Laundry Parisian  
Cleanse of Garments."

Along Dufferin avenue some time ago he who ran might read on a small foreign-looking cottage: "For Saly. Apply within." "All very well," a passer-by might meditate, "but who, pray, is Saly, I haven't the pleasure of her acquaintance."

"Plain and Russian Baths" is another sign adjoining Dufferin, and testifying to the cleanly habits of residents in that part of the city. Whether the two kinds mark out two degrees in the efficiency of the remedy or, on the other hand, two varying degrees of need upon the part of the applicant does not appear.

A sign that was at one time hung out in Winnipeg by an enterprising business tailor was, "Close Made in all languages." The meaning of this seems clear. This clever and versatile sartor stood ready to furnish forth upon shortest notice the fan-tailed draperies of a Donkhor fur coat or the expansive hips of British riding trousers, the silk blouse of the almond-eyed Celestial, or the free flung cape of the new come Parisian, wild west Indian togger to the tourist out to bag grizzlies, or the habiliments of civilization to the mild-mannered brave from the reserves.

It was not a score of miles from Winnipeg that a party of hunters encountered somewhat to their bewilderment, a roughly written sign warning them that upon a certain property there was "No shootin' aloud." Provided as the men were with nothing but the usual ammunition, having neither smokeless powder nor soundless missiles of any sort, they had no alternative but to give this particular preserve a wide berth, regretting at the same time they could not accept the implied welcome to hunters whose firearms would not make a noise.

Some time ago one of the large employment agencies of the city unwittingly put upon its blackboard two signs as follows:

"No men wanted to-day.  
20 Recruits wanted for N.W.M.P."

"Slaughter in millinery" with a display of a window full of hats mounted with wings and bodies of birds was recently considered by some simple persons a not inappropriate sign.

**It is Good to be a Canadian Athlete.**

It was good to live in ancient Greece. You might meet a famous philosopher at any moment on the street; you could go to the theater and see some of the world's greatest dramas performed; works of art that have never been surpassed met your eye as you looked around. But after all it is good to live now, too.

For instance, would not the victors in the old Olympic games have been willing to change places with Sherring, the Canadian who won the Marathon race? It is said that he earned thirty dollars a month as brakeman before he went to Greece. A Hamilton (Ont.) despatch says that since he returned with his laurel wreath, he has received nearly six thousand dollars in gifts from admiring Canadians.

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The above brands are made under the personal control and supervision of the oldest cigar manufacturers in Cuba, thus retaining for each its own individuality.  
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**BIRCH'S  
BLACK BOTTLE  
Scotch Whisky**

The approval of Canadian Connoisseurs is steadily forcing this brand to the leading position which it deserves to occupy among Scotch Whiskies on this market.

Every quality that goes to constitute a high-grade Malt Whisky, is found in its highest possible degree of perfection in the **BLACK BOTTLE**.

**MAY BE EQUALLED  
CANNOT BE EXCELLED**

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA: **William Farrell & Co.**  
WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.  
26 and 28 St. Sulpice St. Montreal.

A house and lot are among the rewards of his victory, and a Government inspectorship has been obtained for him, so that his future comfort seems reasonably well assured. And Sherring is as great a man in popular affection in Canada as any Olympic victor ever was in Greece.

It was well to be an ancient athlete, and go around in the most picturesque of costumes looking like a Greek god. But it is also well to be alive now, and be a Canadian.—Buffalo "Express."

**Dogs.**

Gross, the naturalist, relates several amusing instances about dogs. He had once a dog who, when given a piece of bread that he did not care to eat, dropped it and then, lying upon it, pretended to look all round with

the most innocent air, as if wondering where it had fallen.

Another case he speaks of is that of a terrier whose greatest pleasure it was to catch flies on the window panes. Nothing annoyed the animal more than to be laughed at when he missed his prey.

"In order to discover what he would do," says Gross, "I purposely laughed immoderately each time he was unsuccessful, and the more I laughed the clumsier he grew."

"At last he was so unmistakably annoyed that in his despair he pretended to capture a fly and made the appropriate movements of tongue and lips, finally rubbing his neck on the ground as if to crush his victim, after which he regarded me with a triumphant air."

"So well had he played his little comedy that had I not seen the very fly still on the window I certainly

would have been taken in by this trick. When I called his attention to the fact that the fly he had chased was still at large and that there was no dead fly on the floor he perfectly understood that his hypocrisy had been discovered, and was so ashamed that he slunk away and hid under a couch."—London "Standard."

**Odorous.**

"Say Howard, your overcoat has a horrible smell. What is it? Mothballs?"  
"No, old man. It's three balls."—Lippincott's.

**Striking an Average.**

Mrs. Flat—Were the ginger wafers you got at the baker's crisp and snappy?  
Mr. Flat—No, but the girl who waited on me made up for it.—Lippincott's.